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CENTRAL JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL
(SOUTH BEND, IND.)
THE JUNIOR CLASSIC

✓

The JUNIOR CLASSIC



VOLUME VI

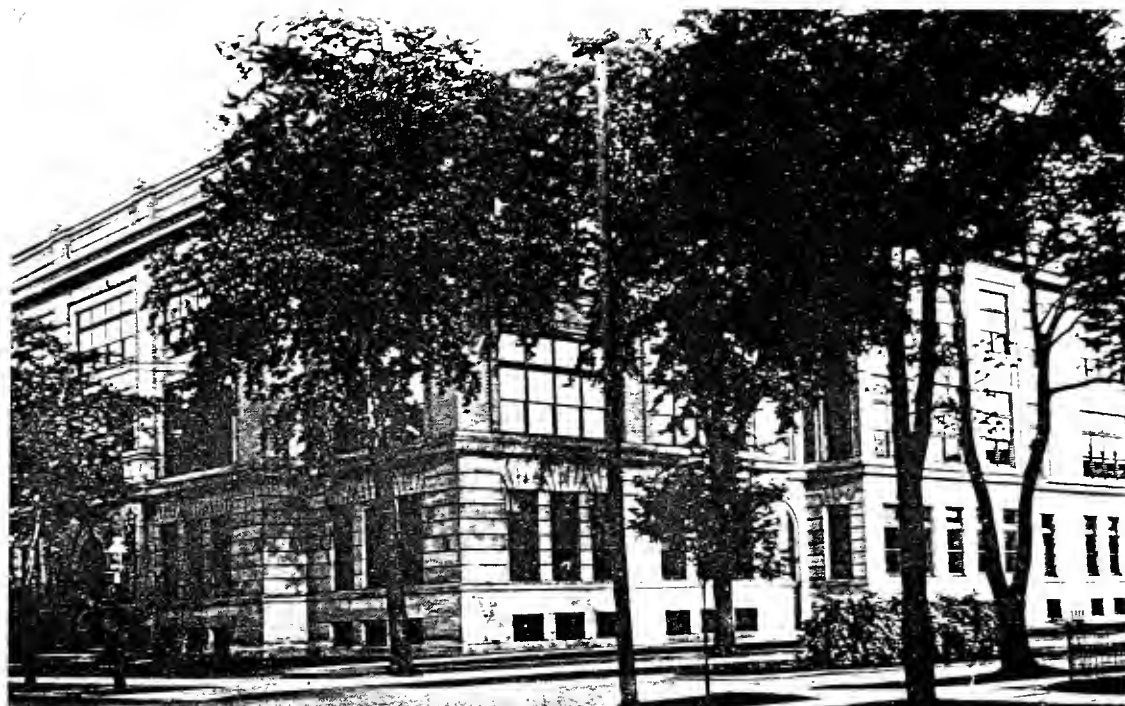
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MAY, 1927

PUBLISHED BY CENTRAL JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL
SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

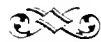


The Home of the Junior Classic

Here's to our old Junior High
Built from the ground three stories high.
And in this building, with the high school near it,
We've tried to fill this book with school life spirit.
Proudly and with pleasure do we look
Forward to the presenting of this book.
Many stories does it contain;
Some the prizes oft did gain.
The contents of its many pages
Were written by children of all ages.
Stories, pictures and little rhymes
Were gone o'er with patience many times,
'Tis for the remembrance of the year
That Mr. Pointer guided us here.

— HELEN FUZY, 9-A

Table of Contents



Book I School Life

Book II Literary

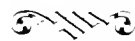
Book III Humor

Book IV Advertisements





KATHRYN GILLESPIE



TO one whose work was
her life, and whose en-
thusiasm and courage was an
inspiration to all with whom
she came in contact.

Faculty of Central Junior High School

P. D. POINTER, *Principal.*

DOROTHY DOUGALL, *Clerk.*



ENGLISH

Edith Beyrer ✓
Mary Byerley ✓
Mary McInerny ✓
Ruth Sunderman
Mary Sleezer
Marcia Wagoner ✓
Irene Meyer ✓

HISTORY

Cecelia Buechner ✓
Sara Ann Feuquay ✓
Margaret Miller
Bernice Shannon

CIVICS

Elizabeth Hamilton ✓

GEOGRAPHY

Alice Bundy ✓
Rose Gillespie ✓

SCIENCE

C. O. Fulwider
J. Roy Smith
Elmer Jack ✓

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE

Vera Rooney ✓
Glen W. Maple ✓

MATHEMATICS

Eula Cannon ✓
Helen Kenworthy
Katherine Kinerk ✓
Charles Marsh
Maude Obenchain ✓
Emma Pfafman
Alice Ream ✓
Emma Stevenson ✓

ENGLISH-LATIN

Joan Shill

LATIN-GERMAN

Lela Troutner

FRENCH-SPANISH

Calista Stephenson

ART

Agnes Crawford ✓
Nelle Green ✓

COMMERCIAL

Fayette Ruff ✓

PENMANSHIP

Louise Ewing ✓

HOUSEHOLD ARTS

Eva Cullar ✓
Lily Hawkinson ✓
Estelle Ellis ✓
Laura Hadley

MUSIC

Maurine Ralston ✓

AUDITORIUM

Thelma Knudson ✓

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Merlin G. Richard
Virginia Youngquist ✓

PRINTING

Charles Murphy

ELECTRICAL WORK

P. C. Winther

MACHINE SHOP

Harry Donovan

SCHOOL NURSE

Lillian Cannon

MECHANICAL DRAWING

T. C. Crook

VARIED INDUSTRIES

A. R. Kinsey
C. C. Stevason

WOOD TURNING

William C. Reeser

CABINET MAKING

M. B. Langell

AUTO REPAIR

Sterling Pierce
Rolland Stilson

HERE AND THERE



CRONES



MILES OF SMILES



WHAT NEXT?



YES INDEED



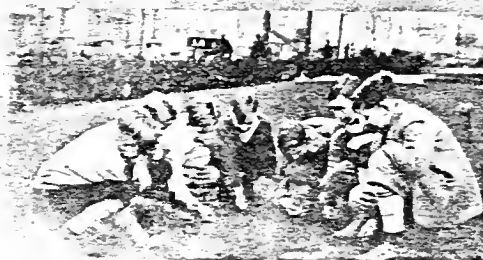
AT CAMP



LOST



ATTENTION!



KEEPS



TRIPLETS



ASOME BUNCH



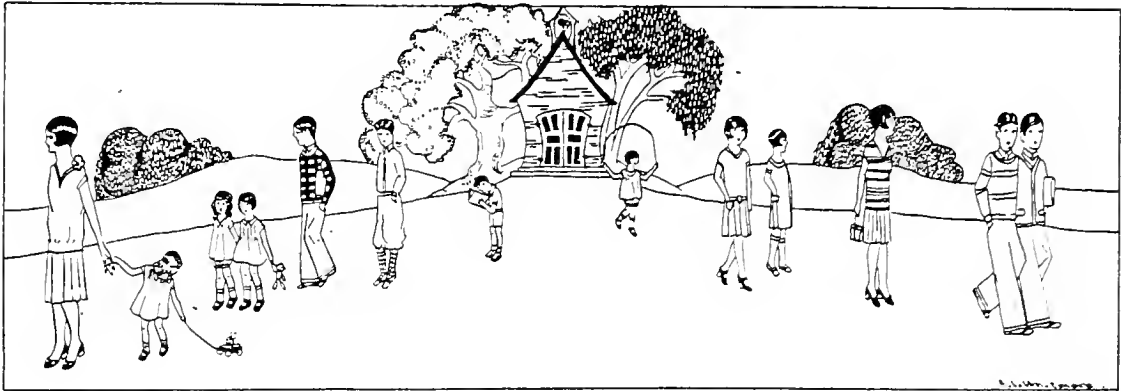
GIVE UP



A HAPPY LINE



Book i. School Life



Our Code of Ethics

1. I will at all times exercise self-control in regard to school matters.
2. I will cultivate the habit of neatness both for myself and my school.
3. I will put my whole heart and mind into my school work.
4. I will take the right attitude toward my school work.
5. I will be a good sport at all times and take both victory and defeat in the right way.
6. I will not degrade myself to look on the papers of others in examination or at other times.
7. I will respect and honor my teachers and obey their commands.
8. I will keep order in the room at all times.
9. I will put myself above all wrong-doing or conspiracy against order.
10. I will treat the property of other people with respect and I will put a stop to all attempts to harm it.
11. I will not deface school property.
12. I will not waste a moment's time.
13. I will boost my school.
14. I will respect the ideas of others and not indulge in rude laughter when others express theirs.
15. I will do my utmost to obey this code and I will use my influence in getting others to do so.

WILLIAM OARE, 8B1.
CLIFFORD STULL, 8B1.
EUNICE ROCK, 8B1.

A Recipe for a Pleasing Personality

- 2 cups of cheerfulness.
- 1 cup of tactfulness.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of unselfishness.
- 1 cup of health.
- 2 heaping tablespoonsful of patience.
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of cleanliness.
- 1 teaspoonful of ambition.

Boil out all grouchiness, and serve with a smile for all.

Recipe for Personality

Mix together equal amounts of:

- Health.
- Courtesy.
- Cheerfulness.
- Cleanliness.
- Neatness.
- Kindness.
- Pep.

Boil until the heart is tender and you will have a personality pleasing to the taste of anyone.





SCHOOL LIFE STAFF

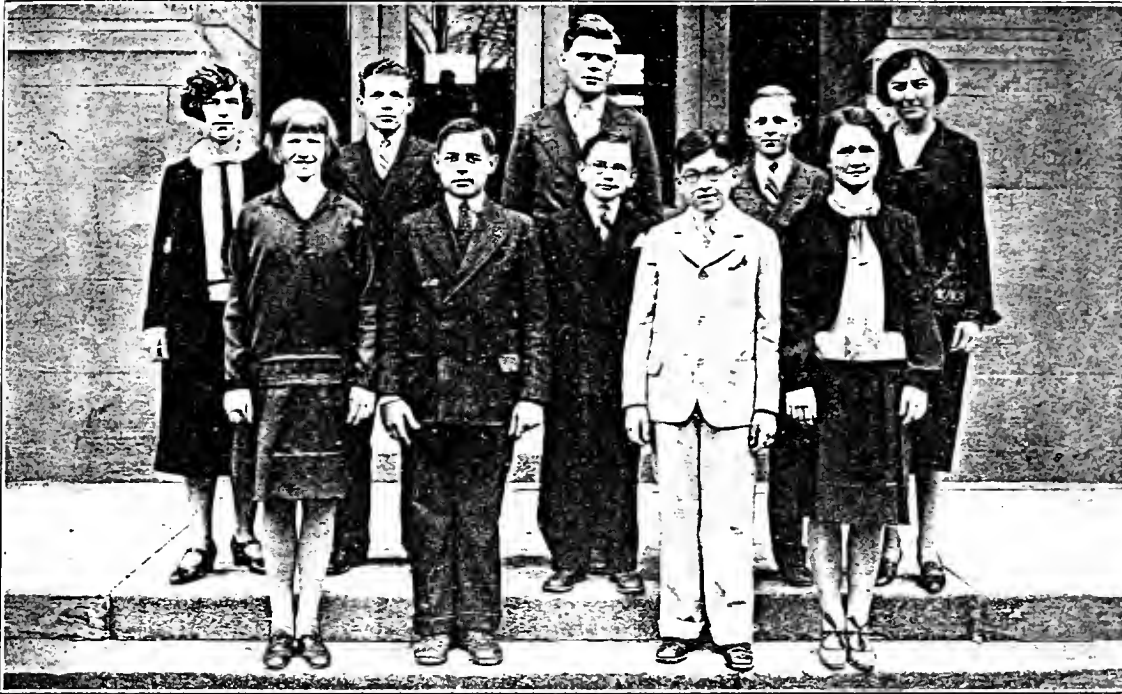
Eleanor Elliott (chairman)
Mary Louise Fry 9A
Robert Pollock 9B

Samuel Gross 8B

Robert Fischgrund 7B
Janet Jackson 8A
Jane Crockett 7A

Scholarship Honor Roll

7B—4A's		Marcia Case	Catherine McHenry
Mary Mattes	Jean Morris	Fredrick Chreist	Kathleen McInerny
3A's		Dorothy Feingold	Janet Pointer
Walter Buckley	Clara Fuzy	Mary Louise Fry	June Ponader
Alex Dick	Donald Gardner	Hyman Goldman	Dean Rodgers
Barbara Edwards	Esther Waechter	Margaret Graf	Thelma Roosa
7A—4A's		Dorothy Hershberg	Harriet Salinger
George Bergus	Margaret Small	Jeanette Hess	Mildred Small
Samuel Gross		Marie Hoffman	Helen Wagner
3A's		3A's	
Jeannett Anawander	Elizabeth Koller	Florence Andrysiak	Elizabeth Millice
Marguerite Cox	Henry Mora	Dorothy Block	Leslie Molnar
Maxine Davidson	William Oare	Robert Borden	Adelma Mooth
Martha Jane Fields	Peggy Reed	Stella Carr	Mary Jane Myers
<u>Ruth Fishman</u>	Eunice Rock	Florence Colpaert	Iden Richardson
8B—4A's		Marjory Finch	Mary Russell
Kathlyn Gordon	Margaret McCowan	Lillian Fisher	Elizabeth Seebirt
Rachel Hargrave	Esther Sunderman	Vera George	Martha Sindlinger
Helen Huston	Rose Szabo	Eleanor Groff	Steffle Sternet
Edna Keller	Bernice Koehler	Josephine Horvarth	Joseph Taylor
Mary Helen Lewis		Jeanette Johnson	Helen Tuttle
3A's		Helen Jones	Florence Urbahns
Jennie Dekelbaum	Joseph Roberts	Ruth Jones	Mary Van Rassen
Henry Feferman	Gertrude Smith	Helen Lacer	Mary Webster
Dorothy Gilbert	Gladys Toney	Madeline Lakens	Helen Wilczewska
Ruth Gore	June Turnock	Helen Lamport	
Madeline Hatfield	Lyle Tuttle	9A—4A's	
Janet Jackson	Bettie Webster	Harry Armstrong	Sarah Jones
Marjorie Kostermenke	Renata Weissbrodt	Frederick Craven	David Keeton
Sophia Rapella		Theresa Edwards	Jane McCallum
8A—4A's		Dorothy Feingold	Catherine McHenry
Mildred Adler	Maxine Helm	Mary Fiedler	Ann Nicol
Janet Budd	Harry Jorgenson	Lillian Fisher	Herman Reis
Abraham Cohen	Theresa Palatinus	Lucille Feuch	Byron Routt
Lucille Dellinger	Robert Pollock	Margaret Graf	Franklin Shaw
Walter East	Vivian Roberts	Dorothy Hershberg	Gladys Stafford
Eleanor Elliott	Lucille Schuell	Jeanette Hess	Helen Wagner
Dorothy Frederick	Marion Shaw	3A's	
Archie Graham	Nevin Vance	Florence Andrysiak	Nathan Lockwood
Della Hathaway	Virginia Whitmore	Harry Brownstein	Marjory Miller
3A's		Mary Coddens	Elizabeth Millice
Fred Calahan	John Quimby	Sidney Cohen	Sam Plotkin
King Detzler	Stanford Schlorch	Inez De Maegd	Dale Plumbeck
Katherine Koseff	Sarah Soloff	Rachael De Maegd	Janet Pointer
Robert Lee		Mozelle Ehnes	John Reynolds
9B—4A's		Marie Hoffman	Florence Urbahns
Max Baer	Leonard Hosinski	Brice Kenyon	Marguerite Vogus
Simon Boorda	Sarah Jones	Evelyn Kreighbaum	Anita Wentland
Betty Brugger	Grace Lamphier	Grace Lamphier	Virginia Young
		Helen Lamport	



DEBATING TEAMS

Upper row: Left to right, Miss Knudson (coach), Bob Oare, Robert Borden, Joseph Taylor, Miss Meyer (coach).
Lower row: Betty Brugger, Frederick Chreist, Max Baer, Henry Feferman, Kathleen McInerny.

Debating

In the fifth annual Inter-School Debating Contest, the team of Central Junior High has witnessed a series of triumphs, which are the result of many hours of hard work, unlimited reading, and splendid ability.

The question for debate was, "Resolved, that the Philippine Islands should be granted their immediate and complete independence."

The affirmative side was supported by Kathleen McInerny, Robert Borden, and Joseph Taylor, with Betty Brugger as alternate. The negative team was composed of Max Baer, Robert Oare and Henry Feferman with Frederick Chreist as alternate.

Under the directorship of Miss Knudson and Miss Meyer, Central Junior High won second place in the Inter-Junior High School Debating League.

Following are the standings of the various schools:

Name.	Won.	Lost.
Nuner	7	1
Central	6	2
Muessel	3	5
Oliver	3	5
Riley	1	7





THE THALIAN DRAMA CLUB

Left to right: Virginia Knauss, Virginia Whitmore, Mildred Adler, Eleanor Elliott, Miss Knudson (sponsor), Lucille Schuell, Janet Budd, Marion Shaw, Dorothy Fredrick, Sarah Soloff.

The Thalian Drama Club

The Thalian Drama Club is composed of a group of ninth-grade students, who meet once a week. The object of the organization is to promote the highest type of drama, and with this in view, we are working on several one-act plays and interpretive readings.

At the weekly meeting, each member presents the dramatization of a play, or the interpretation of a reading or poem.

We are planning a program to be given the latter part of April. We have selected a very clever playlet, entitled "Six Cups of Chocolate" and are working on it. Other features of the program will be readings and dialogues given by the various members of the club.

Our officers, who were elected at the time of our organization, are:

President	ELEANOR ELLIOTT
Vice President	DOROTHY FREDERICK
Secretary	LUCILLE SCHUELL
Treasurer	MILDRED ADLER

The members are: Eleanor Elliott, Dorothy Frederick, Mildred Adler, Lucille Schuell, Marion Shaw, Virginia Knauss, Sarah Soloff, Janet Budd, Virginia Whitmore.

The Debating Club

The Central Junior High School Debating Team owes its foundation to the splendid work of the Debating Club, under the sponsorship of Miss Knudson. The origin of this club dates back to September, 1926, when several argumentative enthusiasts became interested in the idea. It was not long until Room 16 was occupied every Friday by these advocates of debating.

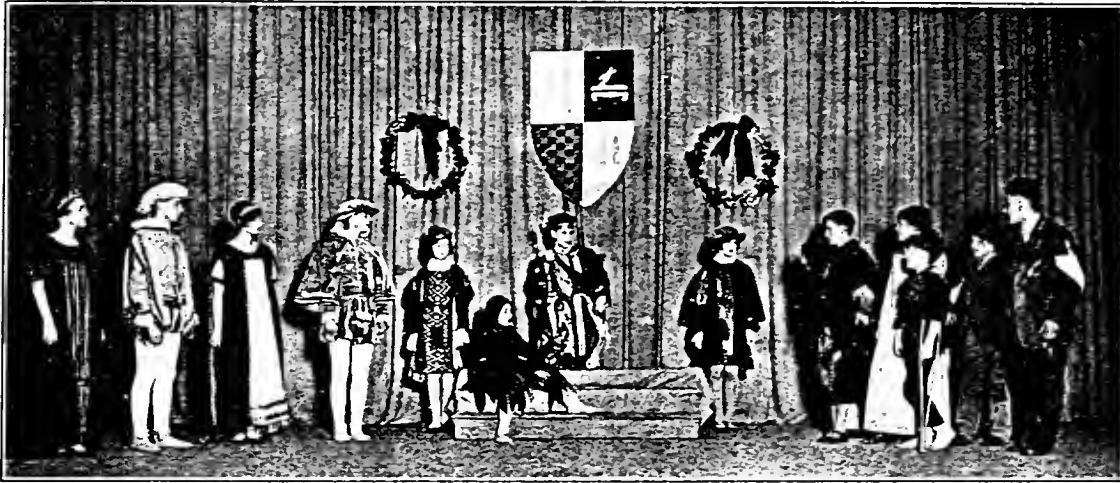
The club is composed of Henry Feferman, Robert Borden, Joseph Taylor, Robert Oare, Hal Thompson, Fredrick Chreist, Edward Reasor, Kathleen McNerny, Betty Brugger, Eleanor Elliott, Harriet Salinger, Simon Boorda and Max Baer.

In spite of this "unlucky" number of members, thirteen, the class has made great progress. It exists for two important purposes: the first is to learn thoroughly the principles of debating, and the second is to develop debaters for the school teams.

The members are taught advanced methods in the construction of the brief and speech, and they receive drill in refutation, argumentation, and delivery.

They attended a number of high school and college debates in the city, which they discussed in class.

Later in the year, the club was divided into groups and gave a series of debates which proved to be very interesting.



SCENE FROM "THE CHRISTMAS JEST"

Left to right: Marjorie Reed, Dan Beinaman, Janet Pointer, Robert Borden, Frederick Chreist, Betty Seebirt, Dee Scherman, Stella Carr, Betty Brugger, Harry Sears, Walter Babcock, Sarah Jones, Joseph Taylor, Simon Boorda.

Dramatics

The students of Central Junior High School in the past year under the sponsorship of Miss Knudson, the dramatic director, have presented several excellent programs. They are the result of many hours of hard work and patient practice. The two most important programs were: "The Christmas Jest", presented at the Christmas program, and the Halloween entertainment.

The Christmas Jest

This three-part play was presented December 22, 1926, before the Central Junior High School students in the High School auditorium.

The characters were: King, Dee Scherman; Jester, Frederick Chreist; Ladies, Janet Pointer and Marjorie Reed; Lords, Dan Beinaman and Robert Borden; Pages, Betty Seebirt and Stella Carr; Widow Bandreth, Sarah Jones; Godfrey, Walter Babcock; Old Man, Joe Taylor; Old Woman, Betty Brugger; Beggars, Simon Boorda and Harry Sears.

The charming costumes worn by the actors and the appropriate stage settings added much to the production.

"The Christmas Jest" is a production of which we are very proud and a beautiful memory of it will always remain in the minds of those who saw it.

The Halloween Entertainment

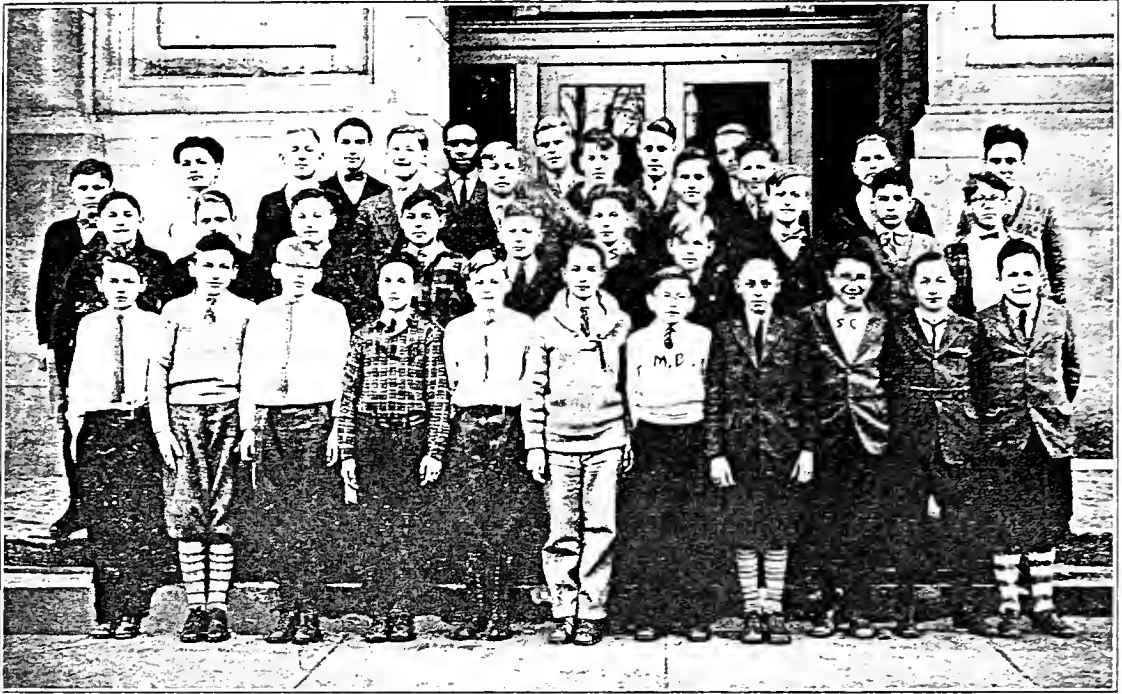
An original and appropriate program was given before the school October 29, 1926, in the girls' study hall of Central Junior High School.

The study hall was artistically decorated with ghostly lanterns, witches and black cats which created the proper atmosphere for the occasion.

The following program was presented:

"If You've Never".....	JANET JACKSON
"The Voyager".....	MARY HELEN LEWIS
"Why We Have Halloween".....	DONALD HYDE
"Who's Afraid".....	DOROTHY GILHARDT
"O'Makara McSnortes".....	LESTER BOROUGH
"Original Ghost Stories".....	JAMES SINGLETON and WILLIAM OARE
"She Displains It".....	RACHAEL HARGRAVE
"James Whitcomb Riley".....	MURIEL STAPP
"Orphant Annie".....	VIVIAN WILSON
"Nine Little Goblins".....	MARGARET McCOWAN
"The Bear Story".....	HELEN PETERSON

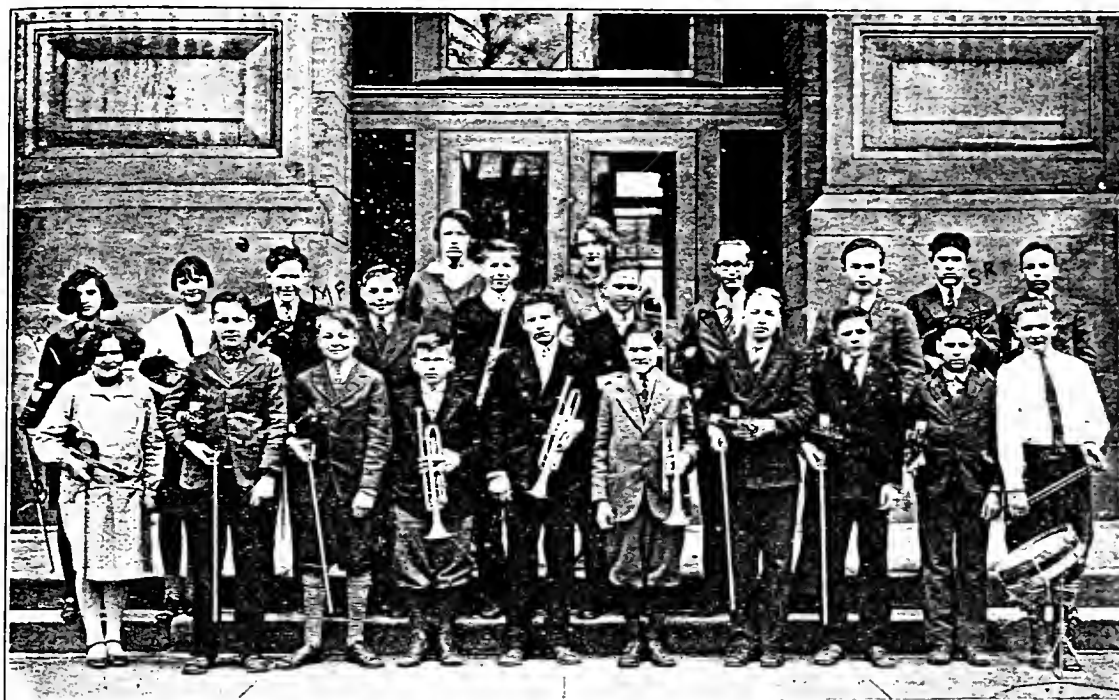




BOYS' CHORUS



GIRLS' CHORUS



ORCHESTRA

Upper row: Left to right, Annette Frazen, Virginia Hill, Meyer Feingold, Frederick Chreist, June Ponader, Robert Lee, Emily Applegate, Carl Horvath, Abe Goldberg, Frank Altman, Sidney Rubin, William Cohen.
Lower row: Anna Burke, Fredrick Noble, George Bergus, Richard Linville, Donald Long, Roy Fries, Robert Barker, Byron Fodar, Donald Hoover, Karl King.

Orchestra

The personnel of the Central Junior High School orchestra includes twenty-four chosen pupils from the seventh to the ninth grades. The director is Miss Maurine Ralston. The rehearsals are held every Tuesday after school. The orchestra has furnished entertainment for many programs including the Christmas Assembly, two debates, and the Spring Festival.

The Chorus

The chorus, consisting of about ninety of the best voices of Central Junior High School, has finished a very successful year under the direction of Miss Ralston. Rehearsals have been held every Monday at 3:20 in the music room. This organization has contributed to many interesting programs. "Christmas Carols" were sung at the Christmas assembly, and a group of five songs was given at the Spring Festival.

Beethoven Program

An interesting Beethoven program was presented by the 8B-1 class Wednesday, March 23. Those in charge of it were Margaret Small and Samuel Gross. The class was very glad to have Mr. Pointer, the principal of the Central Junior High School and Mr. Cook, principal of Perley School, in their audience. The program was as follows:

Beethoven's Early Life.....ELOISE JORGENSEN
Beethoven's Later Life.....SAMUEL GROSS
How Beethoven Chanced to Write Moonlight
Sonata.....EUNICE ROCK
Description of 5th Symphony....CLAYTON JODON
Piano Solo of 5th Symphony.....CLAYTON JODON
Minuet (record).
Minuet Dance—
MARGARET SMALL, PEGGY REED,
MADELYN SMITH, JEAN BENNETT
Violin Solo—Minuet in G.....GEORGE BERGUS

PICKED UP



PLAYMATES P.B.



YES SIR -



TWINS



NOW, LISTEN



AT GRANDPAS



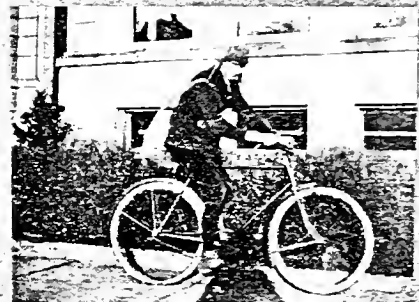
HELPERS



L.POLAR INTEREST



SPEAK



LOUIS



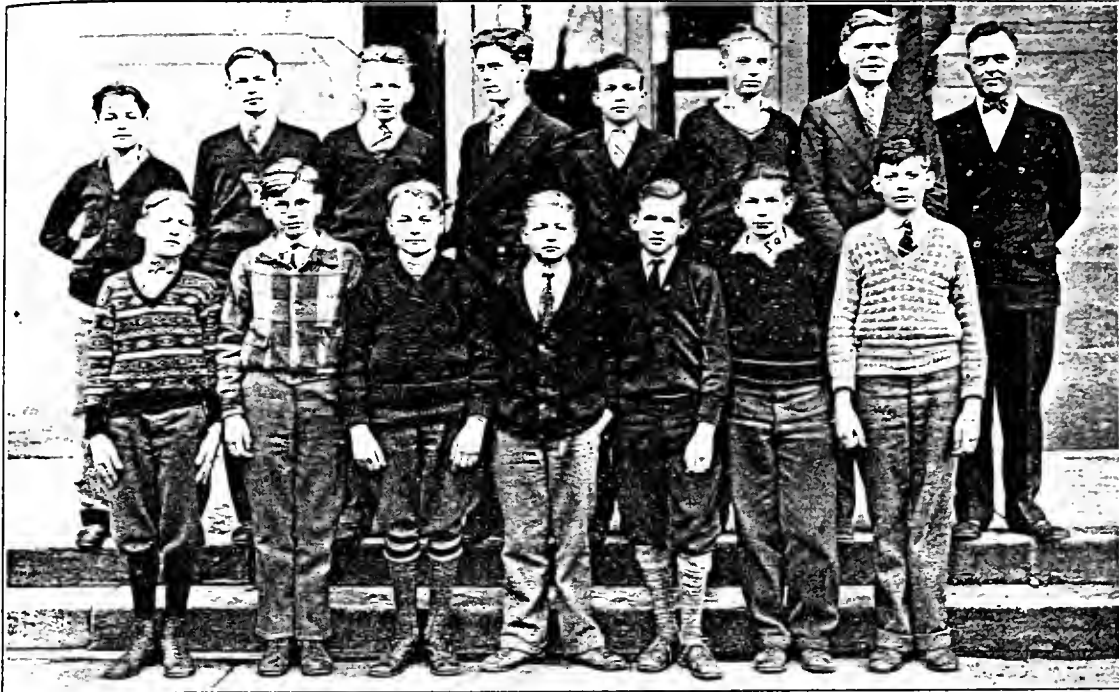
COME, GET BUSY



SLIDE!



FINE



HI-Y CLUB

Upper row: Left to right, Clair Balmer, Jack Shaffstall, Howard Salzwedel, Norman Shambleau, Bob Oare, William Wood, Robert Borden, Mr. Smith (sponsor).
Lower row: Nevin Vance, Roland Grant, George Bergus, Robert Smith, William Oare, Samuel Goss, Robert Pollock.

Hi-Y Club

A successful and progressive year has been witnessed by the members of the Central Junior Hi-Y Club under the sponsorship of Mr. Smith. The boys in this club include fifteen ambitious, determined, clean-minded, and "ready to succeed" members, who have attained high scholarship.

The aim of this club is to help each member morally as well as physically. Another important purpose of this club is to serve our school as well as community. The members have put posters on the bulletin boards of our school to benefit our schoolmates as much as possible. The boys hope to be a great credit to the Central Junior High School.

The members partake in many activities, and they always have a good time. They entered the basketball season with much zest and they played various Hi-Y teams of the city. They always came out good sports, winners or losers.

At their weekly meetings, under the efficient leadership of their sponsor, all take part in the discussion of many problems.

The present officers of the club are as follows:

ROBERT OARE	<i>President</i>
FREDERICK CHREIST	<i>Vice President</i>
NORMAN SHAMBLEAU	<i>Sec'y and Treas.</i>
WILLIAM OARE	<i>Custodian</i>

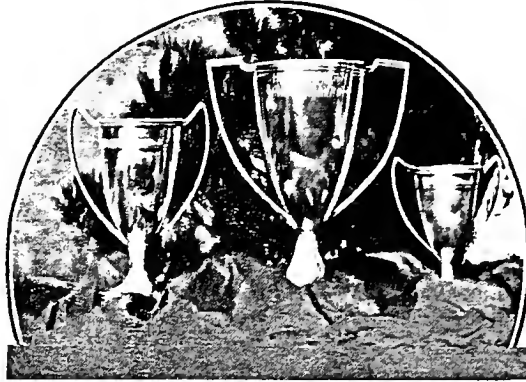
The Classic Committees are greatly indebted to Miss Ruff's typewriting classes for the work done for the Junior Classic. We wish to express our appreciation for their assistance.

The following pupils deserve special mention:

Helen Ambroziak, Tulip Kruk, Henrietta Szybowicz, Veronica Michalowski.

The contestants for the typing contest are: Roland Grant, Rose Bardo and Edna Crockett. A text book on Mechanical Drawing, written by Mr. T. C. Crook, is being typed by Rose Bardo.





School Banking

The Central Junior High School is learning the lesson of thrift. School banking was started in 1922. Since that time the pupils have deposited \$64,449.03. During the school year of 1926 and 1927 we have banked \$14,114.80. This year has surpassed all other years with 100 per cent of the children present banking every week. The highest amount banked in one week was \$542.66.

The cups are a great incentive. The room banking the largest average amount per pupil is awarded the first cup. Second and third cups are also awarded.

Miss Ralston's room takes the lead in banking; it has been awarded the first cup eleven times this year. When this room didn't get the first cup it must have gotten the second for Miss Ralston and Mr. Marsh received the second place an equal number of times. Miss Gillespie's class won the third cup most often.

The Magazine Club

The number of magazines and books read by 7A pupils is astonishing!

Miss Wagoner, the 7A English teacher, has organized a magazine club whose members are her sponsor group, the 7A-2's. The object of the club is to bring in good magazines for the circulating library. The classes read these magazines to increase their vocabularies and to help them in their view. The classes are confident that the magazines help them a great deal.

The 7A classes gave a candy sale at the beginning of the semester, and succeeded in raising enough money to subscribe for sixteen periodicals each month. They are the following:

Youth's Companion.	Open Road.
St. Nicholas.	Field and Stream.
American Boy.	Popular Science.
American Girl.	Pathfinder.
Popular Mechanics.	Every Girl's Magazine.
Literary Digest.	National Geographic
Mentor.	Bulletin.
Ladies Home Journal.	American.
Child Life.	

Other magazines are frequently donated when the owners are through with them. Among these are Nature, Successful Farming, American Machinist, National Geographic and the Woman's Home Companion.

The number of magazines read in the 7A classes from January 24 to March 16 is as follows:

Class.	No. in class.	No. of magazines
7A ¹	35	482
7A ²	35	475
7A ⁴	34	127
7A ⁵	29	29
7A ⁶	16	26

Many people do not realize the number of books read by 7A pupils outside of school. From January 24 to March 16, the second semester, the record is as follows:

Class	No. in class	No. of books read.
7A ¹	35	228
7A ²	35	278
7A ⁴	34	198
7A ⁵	29	153
7A ⁶	16	64

149 pupils 921 books

JANE CROCKETT, 7A.

Health

A is for Air,
That we breathe day and night;
It must always be fresh,
To make us feel right.

B is for Bath,
Each day in a tub,
Followed at once,
By a brisk body-rub.

C is for Cough,
And its cousin, the sneeze.
Cover them both
With your handkerchief, please.

D is for Danger,
Whenever you choose,
To drink from a cup
That other folks use.

E is for eyes.
Have good light when you read,
And print not too fine,
Or glasses you'll need.

F is for fingernails.
If they were mine,
I'd scrub them and clean them,
And make them look fine.

G is for Grain,
Oats, barley and wheat.
These are the cereals
Children should eat.

H is for Health,
That is built day by day,
By the habits you form,
In your work or your play.

I is for Inches,
You'll add to your height,
By eating and sleeping,
And living just right.

J is for Jaws,
And a good rule to follow
Is "Chew many times
On each mouthful you swallow."

K means to kill
Each fly with a swat;
For living they're dangerous;
Dead, they are not.

L is for Loose,
As your clothing should be,
Leaving your arms and legs,
Perfectly free.

M is for Milk,
You need to drink plenty.
But not tea or coffee,
Before you are twenty.

N is for Neatness,
Of dress and of hair,
At home and at school,
And, in fact, everywhere.

O is for Outdoors.
Where children should play,
In sunshine and fresh air,
A part of each day.

P is for Pounds.
On the scales watch your weight,
To see if you're gaining,
At just the right rate.

Q is for Question,
You didn't expect.
Is your posture when sitting,
And walking erect?

R is for Rising,
Soon after the sun.
Pray don't lie abed,
Till the day's well begun.

S is for Sleep,
Of ten hours unbroken;
And always, of course,
With windows wide open.

T is for Teeth.
Keep them shiny and white,
By brushing them thoroughly,
Morning and night.

U is for Underwear,
Spotlessly clean.
So change it as often,
As if it were seen.

V is for Vegetables,
Spinach and peas,
Cabbage, beans, carrots,
Eat plenty of these.

W is for Water,
And doctors all say,
That a person should drink,
Many glasses a day.

X is for X-ercise,
Getting your share.
Of playing and running,
Out in the air.

Y is for Yawn,
For this habit 'tis said,
There's only one remedy,
"Early to bed."

Z is the Zone,
Wherein safety doth lie,
Stand quietly there,
While the autos whiz by.



Girl Reserves

In Central Junior High School there are three Girl Reserve Groups that compete with each other to do the best work. The Winona, Dolly Madison, and Lucky Lassies win their honors by doing housework, school work, and social work. Only four girls have yet won the right to wear the Girl Reserve ring, the highest honor a member can receive.

The New Club

The weekly meeting of the Lucky Lassies was held on Wednesday, with every member present. The girls wanted something new to do; they had sold candy, and pencils, and carried baskets of food and bundles of clothes to the poor.

"I wish we could find something new to do," said one of the girls.

"So do I," said another.

"We've done all kinds of charity work, and I wish we could do something different. Everybody try to plan something, and report next Wednesday."

It was with this attitude that the meeting of the club was adjourned.

Betty was president and Hope was vice-president of the club, so of course both were thoroughly interested in the work of finding and accomplishing something new.

"Can't you spend the night with me, Hope?" suggested Betty.

"I'll call mother and see."

Hope called her mother and she gave her consent for the girls to spend the night together.

After dinner, while the girls were in the library, the telephone rang and Betty ran to answer it. It proved to be her Uncle Bob who was Health Inspector for the city, and who worked, of course, in all parts of the town. He wanted Betty to go with him the following Saturday on a tour of inspection in the slum

district. She said she would go if her friend Hope would be permitted to go, too. Uncle Bob said he would be glad to have her accompany them. He wanted the girls to see the condition of the slum district.

The following Saturday morning proved to be a typical spring morning. Uncle Bob called for the girls about eight o'clock and the day's work began. When they arrived at their destination, Uncle Bob asked them whether they cared to wander about by themselves or to go with him. They decided to go with him, thinking they would get to see more of the real life. The first house they visited proved to be a most desirable one; the outward appearance was very poor but the inside was neat and clean. The woman of the house received them kindly. After they left, Betty remarked, "All of the nice people aren't wealthy, are they?"

Most of the day was spent in visiting the homes in the district; some were clean, some were filthy.

Late in the afternoon in a dirty tenement house, the girls were attracted by loud voices. It sounded as if several people were engaged in an argument. Betty and Hope started down the hall, and they soon came upon an open door; inside they saw a group of five girls about fourteen years of age. One girl they noticed in particular, a tall, thin, pale girl, poorly but neatly dressed who seemed to be the leader in the discussion. The argument was about the organization of a club.

Betty and Hope listened and then Betty said, "Why not ask them to organize as Girl Reserves?"

"Oh! a fine idea," commented Hope.

"You ask them and I'll make a little speech explaining the work of the Girl Reserves," suggested Betty.

When the matter was presented, the girls became thoroughly interested; Betty and Hope left that evening with the promise of a new adventure for their club. They decided to keep it all to themselves until everything was completed. The next Wednesday at meeting when



GIRL RESERVES

Upper row: Left to right, Alice Hathaway, Evelyn Matthews, Annabelle Sutton, Ruth Stebbins, Lois Vurpillat, Marigrace Turner, Ellen Groff, Doris Heminger, Kathleen Carroll, Dean Rogers, Helen Lacer, Idah Palmiter.
Lower row: Jane Garn, Zella Atwood, Dorothy Hutson, Opal Hutson, June Turnock, Gladys Mitchell, Geraldine Erhardt, Valda Buck, Nelda Warburton.

they were repeating the code, the phrase "Loyal to Friends" came to their minds and they decided to tell the rest of the girls about the new group. When the story was told, all of the girls wanted to visit the new group or have them visit the club room. The next week the new club and the old one had a joint meeting. When the new club met, they decided to adopt as their motto, "Loyal to Friends", because Betty and Hope were becoming fast friends to them and they felt very much indebted to the girls for the club.

A month or so after the new club had been started, you could pick out the tenement house where the new Girl Reserves lived, because flowers of all kinds could be seen peeping from the windows, and in the yard back of the building. The windows had been washed and neat white curtains had been put up. The floors and steps were scrubbed and everybody remarked about the improved appearance of that particular tenement building. The secret of it all was that the girls were working for their honors.

When the banquet was held the next May,

and the rings were awarded, three girls out of the five became the proud owners of the much coveted G. R. ring.

TRIALS OF A WOULD-BE POET

I've tried and tried and tried again,
But never could succeed.
I've racked my brain and lost my head,
To write something fit to read.

I sit and stare and stare and stare;
I scratch my head and mess my hair,
But I fear that I shall never be
A writer of real poetry.

It's very hard to write some verse,
When there are other things to do,
But the teacher makes you sit right down,
And work it through and through.

Well, now I've done the best I can,
Though it's not first class 'tis true,
For you're supposed to make it rhyme,
And have some rhythm, too.

BY THE WAY.



MY CHOICE



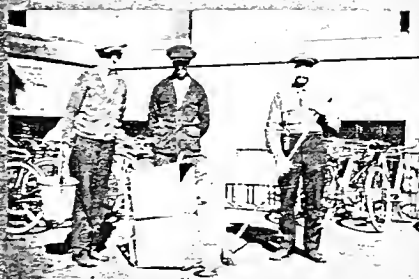
7A' MARYS



BETTY



HARRY



ALWAYS WILLING



RICHARD



PLEASANT, PLEASE



PALS



ENGINEER



ESTHER



HIP! HIP!



"A LARK"



ONE, TWO, STEP!



8 LBS. 12 OZ.



CAMP FIRE GIRLS OF CENTRAL JUNIOR HIGH

A Camp Fire Celebration

'Twas just about the middle of March;
The Camp Fire Girls were gay,
For Mother Campfire was to come
To them that very day,
And call on groups to make reports,
And find out everything
That had happened since she'd come before;
And that was way last spring.
The girls of Central Junior High
Put in a special plea,
That she might visit their school first
And all things there first see.
When she arrived, she called the roll;
And all the groups were still.
She spoke in very gentle tones;
Tanda came first on the bill.
"Here", the Tandas answered,
And then came Debwewin,
Ikanhiluse, and Otakuye;
Then came Wanakiwin.
Sakiwayungi, Otakuye,
All answered, "We are here";
Wapata and Nawakwa

Answered to their call,
Then Waokiya, Twasaysa,
The last groups of them all.
Each told about her honors,
Her symbols and her beads,
And when it came to Nature
Told how to plant her seeds
And weed and hoe and everything,
Until 'twas very clear,
Though it had been a long, long time,
They'd remembered through the year.
Mother Campfire was so pleased;
She vowed it was the best
Camp Fire time she'd ever seen.
That year or all the rest.
Then off she went to Riley,
Or Muessel, I suppose;
Or any of the other schools,
Which one nobody knows.
But this is confidential,
Between just you and me,
I believe in all the other schools
None better did she see.



How Freida Became a Camp Fire Girl



The neighborhood women were gathered in the clean, bright house of the good German housewife, Mrs. Schlitzer.

Mrs. Schlitzer was speaking: "Mine Freida iss von goot girl except she don't like der vork."

"Tekla iss mine leedle helper," said Mrs. Heisler, "she iss a chip of der old block as dese Americans say."

"Louisa vass lazy but she joined a club or vot chu call it like a Camp Fire Girls," said another proud mother.

"Freida vants ter join dat but I tells her to mind her home instead of der clubs in dis America. I don't pelieve in dese girls running out to der meetings all der time like ve nefer did in der old country," said Mrs. Schlitzer decidedly, "she iss pad enuff already."

At this moment the object of her speculations appeared in the doorway with her young friends.

"Oh, mine mamma!" she cried, "can I not be joined in the Camp Fire Girls? Louisa and Tekla are both joined to groups in our Central Junior High."

"You cannot be pothering your head apout such things," replied her mother.

Soon the women made their departure and when they had gone, Freida again begged her mother to let her try, just for a while at least.

The good wife's German heart would not relent, however, and even when Mollie O'Day joined a group, she remained stoutly opposed to such "nonsense", as she termed it.

The girl moped about so much that at last her mother granted her permission to go to the annual Camp Fire birthday banquet with Tekla, Louisa, and Mollie.

At last the great day arrived and Freida, her round face shining with cleanliness, her stiff, starched dress on, and her big flaxen braids tied with ribbons, started out. Tekla had joined the Tanda group; Louisa belonged to the Ohiya; and Mollie to the Otakuye. Frieda met girls from Sakiwayungi, Ikanhiluse, and Twasaysa, and when they arrived at the banquet she saw tables spread for the Debewewin, Kewanalan, Wapata, Nawakwa, Macha, Waokiya, and Wanakiwin groups.

The whole evening was a beautiful dream to Freida. There were songs and speeches, fun and laughter and she, Freida Schlitzer, was included in it all. The ceremonial was solemn and impressive with the girls in their gowns and

head-bands in the flickering candle-light. Freida heard all about the aims and pledges of a Camp Fire Girl. Here the honors and beads were awarded: flame-colored beads for homecraft; red for healthcraft; brown for campcraft; green for handcraft; blue for naturecraft; yellow for business; and red, white and blue for citizenship and patriotism. All this was explained to her.

That night the little German-American girl painted vividly for her mother those things which she had learned about Camp Fire, and that same night a certain little girl went to bed with her deepest wish granted. She could become a Camp Fire Girl.

A month later the mothers were together again and Mrs. Schlitzer remarked, "Mine Freida iss von fine girl," she said, "and now she iss mine leedle helper vot does der dishes and makes der beds like ve did in der Vaterland."

Freida stood in the doorway with her head held high and her eyes shining triumphantly. "Mine mamma, I am a Camp Fire Girl," she said simply.

Anna's Reward

Anna was twelve years old. She didn't like to work, and every time she was asked to help she pouted and whined about it. This grieved her mother very much, for she didn't want Anna to grow up and be lazy. Anna had seen some pretty wooden beads that she wanted badly, but she couldn't find them for sale any place, so, for a long time, she was a very disappointed little girl.

One afternoon the girls were asked to stay after school. Miss Christensen, from Camp Fire headquarters, told them all about Camp Fire, and said her purpose was to get all the new girls for that organization that she could. Then she showed them some pretty colored beads that were awarded as honor beads for work accomplished in various things, like helping in the home, attending school regularly without missing for three months, and improving your report card. Anna was delighted! There were those very beads she had been longing for and now she knew how to get them. She decided to enroll at once and begin work.

That evening Anna hastened home and started to sweep and dust and clean the house. Her



PRINCESSES OF CAMP FIRE GROUPS

Left to right: Geneva Foster, Vivian Pensinger, Madelyn Smith, Muriel Van Holsbeck, Helen June Huston, Eva Davis, Della Bennett, Genevieve Meadon, Marjory Atvas.

mother had been helping a sick lady all day. When she came home and found that a little girl had suddenly made a great change and even had the dish water heating and her bed made, she was as happy as Anna. Never in all her life had she seen such a happy, active little girl.

When her mother recovered from her surprise and inquired, Anna said with a bright, happy smile: "Why, I am a Camp Fire girl. I'm going to save my money—not buy candy or go to a show for one month. Then I can pay my dues and win those beads that I couldn't buy."

"Well," said her mother, "Camp Fire is certainly doing a lot for you. Wouldn't it be nice if all girls were Camp Fire girls?"

"Yes," replied Anna, "for it means to 'seek beauty, give service, pursue knowledge, be trustworthy, hold on to health, glorify work, and be happy.'"

—FREDA HENDERSON, 8B.

Special Prizes

In the past year students of Central Junior High School have displayed unusual ability in the winning of many special prizes.

At the numerous events held at the Y. M. C. A., the students of our building have ranked

among the highest on many occasions. Those who received honors are:

Sam Gross won the Treasure Hunt and received as the prize, two weeks at Camp Eberhart.

John Fomenko ranked first in the Ping Pong Tournament and won a watch fob. He also received a ring for leading in the Checker Contest.

Carlton Woods exhibited skill in the Rifle Contests and medals of gold, silver and bronze were awarded to him.

J. W. Currey also ranked high in the Rifle Contests and received gold, silver and bronze medals.

Richard Herr, in swimming, won a silver cup.

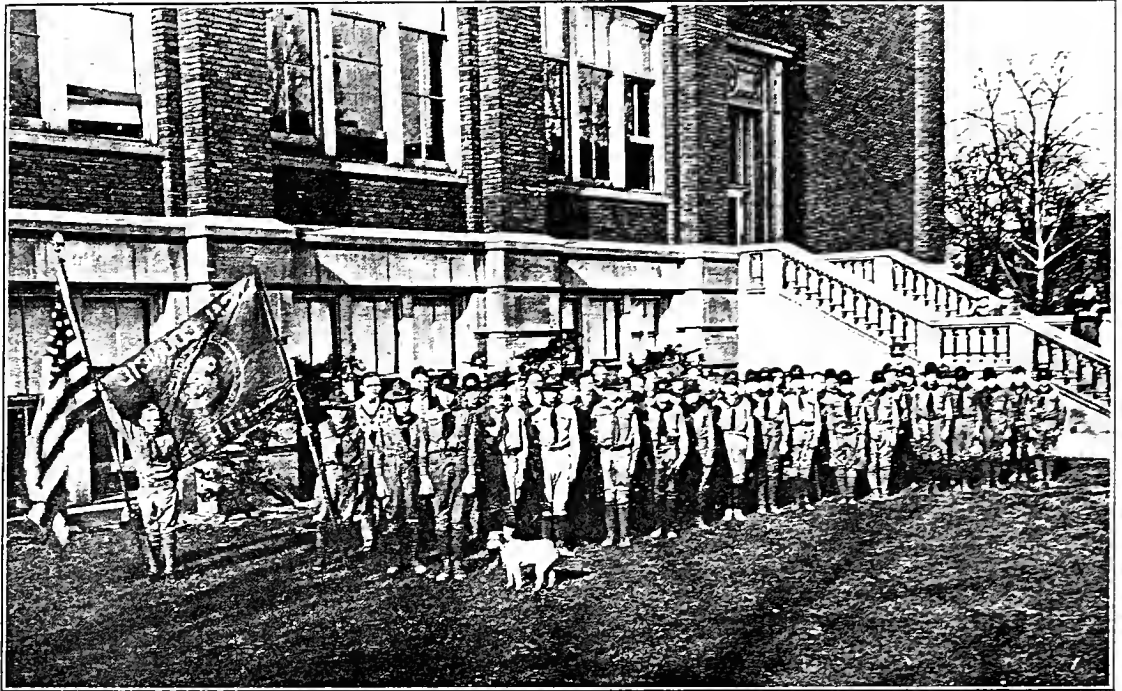
Betty Jane Stewart won a medal for swimming.

Levada Gilbert received a wrist watch in a ticket contest.

Kathleen Myers won an Eversharp for writing the best story of her class.

Edith Schulman won five dollars in a spelling contest and also one dollar for a story which was published.

Janet McLouth ranked foremost in a music contest and received five dollars.



BOY SCOUTS OF CENTRAL JUNIOR HIGH

A Good Turn

In a certain neighborhood in a small village there was a group of Boy Scouts. These boys had distinguished themselves from the other boys in the community by their acts of kindness and by their willingness to work. Now there was, as there is in all communities, a boy who was always making disparaging remarks about the organization. He called the boys "sissies" because they helped old people and small children across the street or directed a stranger to the nearest hotel or because they lived up to some other requirement of the organization.

"I wouldn't be a Scout on a bet," Joe Smith exclaimed one afternoon as he was walking toward the lake with his younger brother. "They talk about doing a good turn every day. Why, the big sissies even spent half a day piling wood for old Mrs. Johnson and then wouldn't accept any pay for it. Fools is all they are!"

The two boys had been walking for some time now and were approaching the shore of the lake. Joe and his brother sat down on the beach and looked longingly upon the smooth surface of the cool waters. They had been told not to go swimming, but the temptation was too great. Off went their clothes and into the water

they plunged. Neither of the boys was a good swimmer. Hardly had Joe's feet gone beneath the water when he realized that he had struck a bed of quicksand. Both boys began to scream desperately for help.

As it happened, a party of Boy Scouts were camping just around the bend from the scene of the coming disaster. Hearing the cries for help, the scouts rushed to the beach where the Smith boys were struggling in the water. Under the careful direction of their scout master, the boys were soon rescued and sent home.

A few days later Joe walked sheepishly into the Scout Headquarters and asked to see the executive. The two were no sooner alone than Joe blurted out, "Mr....., I want to thank you for the service your boys did for Jerry and me. I don't know how I'll ever pay you back."

"That's all right, Joe. There's only one request I would like to make, and that is that you try the scouts for a few months."

"Would you really let me, Mr.....?"

Three months later Joe went up to the court of honor to be promoted to the rank of a first class scout for by this time he had entirely changed his views about the Boy Scout move-

ment. Within a year we find him a different boy from the Joe whom we first met. He is now one of the outstanding scouts of the community, a model of helpfulness, courtesy and obedience.

Boy Scouts

TENDERFOOT

Russell W. Ramsey, Sidney Dounn, Richard Swanson, Franklin Gibson, Albert Graf, James Doran, Richard Gardner, Richard Willard, Leo Swartz, William Fuerbringer, William Wagner, Donald Gardner, Richard Oberlin, Robert Schwarz, Roland Sequin, Donald Heyde, Stuart Tomber, Marshall Hewitt, Robert Frash, Charles Logsdon, Paul Obermiller, Rolland Scheiman, Claude Smith, Frank Keeton, Ralph Wiltfong, James Hooten, Sidney Berebitsky.

Jack Christman, Iden Richardson, Joseph Fleck, Robert Pollock, Nevin Vance, Alfred J. Davis, Robert Colpitts, Robert Rust, John Warner, Harold Lee, Lester Borough, Charles Wolfe, Fred Juillerat, John Moomaw, Jay Calvert, Robert Archambeault, James Gore, Willis Sriver, Earl Weiher, John Jordon, Everett Weissbrodt, George Zeltner, Merrill Pulley, William Shillington, Bob Bridgeford, Woodrow Greer, Walter Babcock, Robert Tom, Howard Urquhart, Robert Fischgrund, Robert Beyer, Richard Herr.

SECOND CLASS

James Thompson, Wayne Kamp, Knowles Smith, Gerald McNabb, Carl Snyder, Lyle Tuttle, William Carlson, Paul Fergus, W. Joe Harris, Fred Wharton, Thomas Scheid, John Slick, Raymond Smith, Bill Oare, Clayton Jordon, Fred Porter, Leroy Barnes, Robert Sult, Ray Grummell, Stanford Schlorch, Stanley Whitworth, August Baetsle, Russell Bestle, Irving Jones, Harold Fitterling, Richard Linville, Edwin Cook, Franklin Cole, J. W. Currey, Wyman Roberts, Clayton Johnson, Robert Calvert, Jack Fenner, George Veasey, Donald Gardner, Charles Vaughn, William Rasmussen.

FIRST CLASS

Edwin Thomas, Vernon Scott, Morris Hertel, William Baker, John Toth, Harold Carr, John MacJannet, George Bergus, Kenneth Swartz, Stanley Gleniewicz, Kenneth Hoon, Harold Bland, Laurence Buckley, Theodore Lytle, George Best.

LIFE

Herschell Hartzell, Donald Long.

STAR

Frederick Vaughn, Gerald Davis, Max Baer, Simon Boorda, Harry Pierce, Herbert Barnes, Donald MacGregor, Gordon Krauss, Donald Dougall.

EAGLE

Carol De Craene.

Itinera Ranarum

Erant semel in finibus Celtarum duae ranae quae mudum videre studuerunt.

Altera in stagno prope Genavam habitabat, et altera in parvo flumine prope Ocelum.

"Cur in hoc stagno semper habitem?" rana Genavae dixit. "In itinere hoc eodem die migrabo. Primo Ocelum videbo, et tum circa mudum ibo."

Eodem die rana Oceli caput e flumine tollit, et solem aspexit.

"Ave!" amicis et familiae dixit. "Genavam proficisor et si illa urbs mihi grata est, ibi manebo."

Duae ranae secuti sunt viam Genavam et Ocelum dum ad summum collem qui inter has urbes erat venerunt. Ibi occurrerunt.

"Ave! amice," rana Genavae dixit. "Ubi is?"

"Mudum videre cupio, et praecipue Genavam videre," rana Oceli dixit. "Eo nunc iter facio. Et tu? Ubi is?"

"Locus tristissimus est. Ocelum eo."

"Id tibi gratum erit," rana Oceli dixit.

Tum duae ranae sederunt et cogitabant.

"Mi amice," rana Oceli dixit, "Hoc peregrinissimum est. Ocelum ire cupis, et eum locum relinquere cupio. Si altiores eramus, urbes e hoc colle videre poteramus."

"Illud facile fieri poterit," rana Genavae dixit. "Difficile non erit, mi amice. In cruribus stabimus, et nos tenebimus. Tum quisque urbem aspicere poterit."

"Habilis es!" altera dixit.

Duae ranae in aversis cruribus steterunt et quisque alterum stricte tenuit ne caderet.

Altissimi steterunt, nares in aera erectae et oculos retro a loco quem videre cupiverunt averterunt.

"Boni fines!" rana Oceli dixit, sicuti Ocelum aspexit. "Genava Ocelo simillima est!"

"Ocelum simillimum Genavae est. Genavam ibo."

Duae ranae "Ave" dixerunt, et quisque domum rediit. Quisque liberis dixit. "Est nihil de summo colle videri, ubi eum scandistis!"

Translated into Latin by JUNE PONADER.



Mary Louise Fry 9A

Latin Contest

The Latin Contest is again being held to determine the most competent Latin student in Indiana. As last year, Central Junior High is proud of its contestants, for they again won the right to represent St. Joseph County in the district contest.

The city contest was held in the High School on February 12. Harriet Salinger and Mary Louise Fry won the first and second places for Latin I. David Shper and Lillian Fischer, both former Central pupils, won in Latin II. On February 26, the county contest was held. In this Mary Louise Fry came first in Latin I.

In the district contest, which was held in Warsaw, Indiana, on March 26, Mary Louise Fry again showed her ability as a Latin student by winning second place.

Find Hidden Latin Words in These Sentences

1. Do you think I am old enough to join that club?
2. No men are going to be there.
3. There is one odd one, mother.
4. It shows best on that side.
5. What can be nearer correct?
6. Will she give a permit to you?
7. You have the correct time, our train has not left yet.
8. That is where he sat, isn't it?
9. They mar everything in the house.
10. What is your age, Rose?

Miser Felis

Cornelia carum parvum felem habebat. Nomen eius Gaius erat. Uno die maximus puer eo venit et miserum felem cepit. Cornelia lacrimabat, sed frustra. Tandem suum canem natatum duxit. Ad litus ibant et ibi aliquandiu sedebant. Subito languidum sonum audiverunt et aspiciens ad mare suum felem vidit. Cornelia statim in aquam saluit et ad eum natavit. Sed fluctus altissimi parvae puellae erant. Ubi ad suum felem advenit, fluctus magnus supra suum caput ibat et demergebat. Tum suus fedelis canis eam liberavit et omnes domum feliciter ierunt.

—MARJORIE FINCH.

Cicero

Cicero clarus Romanus orator et peritus vir rei publicae erat qui in tempore rei publicae Romae habitabat.

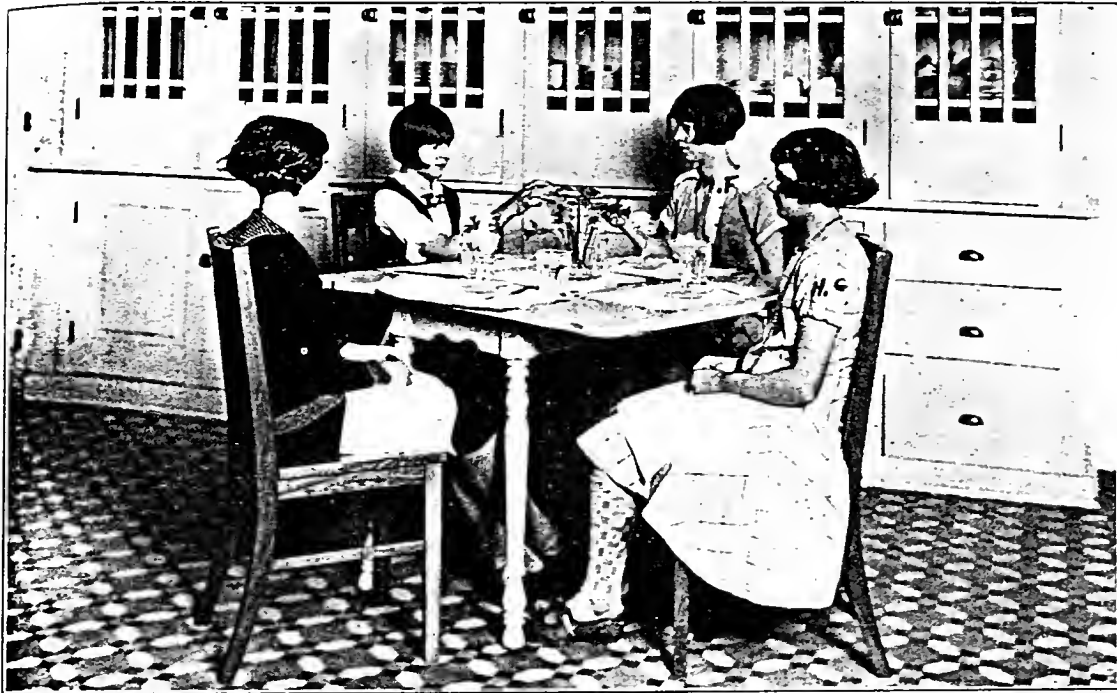
Dum Cicero consul Romae erat consilium iniquum Catilinae enuntiavit et Catilinam fugere coegit oratione clara, "Prima Oratio In Catilinam."

Postea Cicero in terram remotam fugit quod socii Catilinae eum interficere conabantur. Ubi Cicero revenit, civitatem in bello repperit. Pompeium supportavit sed Caesar iratus factus est. Postea Caesar ei hoc ignovit et amicus ei fuit.

Ubi Caesar necatus est Cicero complures orationes in Antonium (scripsit). His orationibus Antonius suos homines Ciceronem necare iussit. Cicero dum fugiebat 43 B. C. necatus est.

Cicero maximum omnium Romanorum oratorum erat et suae orationes summae sunt.

—SIMON BOORDA, 9A.



Foods

It looks good, doesn't it? But it tastes better, and it is great fun preparing the foods. The girls are serving a very appetizing luncheon which consists of:

Combination Salad

Graham Bread Sandwiches

Milk

Little Gold Cakes — Peach Tapioca

Tuesdays and Thursdays of every week are awaited eagerly by the girls of the ninth grade, for these are the days that we cook. So far we have prepared three breakfasts and six lunches. The work is done systematically. One day one of the five groups is served; one washes dishes and sets the table; and the work of preparing the food is divided among the other three groups. Table conversation is carried on by the group which is served, and in this way the girls learn that which is desirable and pleasant to talk about at the table.

The 9B's of Room 24, whose sponsor is Miss Sleezer, have a unique class organization. They have elected several committees to take charge of the several duties of the room.

Merle Kuhl acts as president and tries to keep his committees busy all the time. The housekeeping committee, composed of Carl Kintz and Margaret Orban, keep the room in order, while Gordon Krauss has a task as chairman of the attendance committee. Eugene McCormick and Ella Harthe make the class keep up its scholarship; Stanley Pashek and Beatrice Senour look after the health of the pupils of the room.

With such lively and energetic class managers, do you wonder that this class bids fair to be one of the leading classes in the Central Junior High?

Marketing Essays

If you wish to know about marketing, ask Caroline Hart, 7B, or Ora Gerencher, 8B. They won "Certificates of Merits" from the Home Marketing Educational Service, for writing the best essays on this subject.



DISTRICT COMMERCIAL CONTESTANTS FROM CENTRAL JUNIOR HIGH
Left to right: Roland Grant, Genevieve Sorwick, Rose Bardo, Clara Scheiman, Geneva Holloway.

Penmanship

The writing of the Central Junior High School pupils has greatly improved under the supervision of Miss Ewing.

Ninety-eight pupils, who showed satisfactory results in their work at the end of twenty-five drills, received Palmer Method Buttons. Eighty-eight received Progress Pins, for having completed 104 drills and having shown a decided improvement in their writing. The certificate denotes that the pupil has successfully passed the examination at the end of the complete course. The following persons received certificates:

Jeanette Gillis, Helen Kotolinski, Harriet Kitkowski, Joseph Magiera, Angela Straus, Genevieve Sorwick, Emanuel Jablonski, Pauline Mann, Geneva Holloway, Catherine Gendel, Raymond Pauwels, Margaret Kowalski, Martha Matthys, Marion Biddle, Aileen Mann, Minnie Friedman, Vivian Lee, Velezora Liggans.

Harriet Nowak, Mary Dudeck, Katherine Smith, Esther Kusnierck, Eleanor Archambeault, Helen Lacer, Edna Crockett, Vivian Crothers, Virginia Herreman, Bessie Slamberg, Eileen Thomas, Emma Lochmandy, Bernice Pare, Robert Wiltrout, Bernice Woltman, Alice Nielsen, Clara Scheiman, Evelyn Tuley.

Marie Skinner, Berniece Plotnicki, Rose Smalinsky, Naomi Pickett, Margaret Fink, Edna Roberts, Marie Frederick, Martha Rys, Dorothea Whitacre, Thelma Condo, Annette Frank, Catherine Smith, Angela Heiser, Kathryn Harrington, Grace McQueen, Arthur Walter, Sylvia Rosenthal, Lucille Crump, Mary Zoss, Lottie Novak, Mary Horvath, Margaret Arch, Mathilda Pawlicki, Francis Gorzkiewicz.

District Commercial Contest

The District Commercial Contest was held in Mishawaka Saturday, April 23.

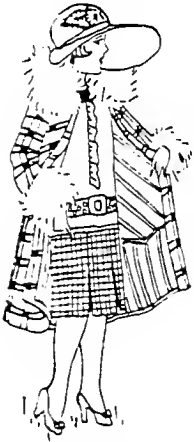
Roland Grant and Rose Bardo were sent from the typewriting class.

Clara Scheiman, Genevieve Sorwick and Geneva Holloway represented the penmanship class.

First and second individual honors were won by Clara Scheiman and Genevieve Sorwick respectively, both from the South Bend Central Junior High School.

Clara Scheiman competed in the State Contest which was held in Ball's Gymnasium, Indiana State Normal, Muncie, Indiana, April 30.

Clothing



Jane

In a certain school I know,
Where the pupils come and go,
Some are well clothed, some over-dressed,
At any rate we could suggest
Changes which could well be made
In this ne'er ending style parade.

Little Miss Jane is quite petite,
Stylishly gowned, and very neat;
Yet over-dressed for school is she,
She's surely not the type for me.
Her clothes suggest she's well to do,
But too elaborately dressed, that's true.

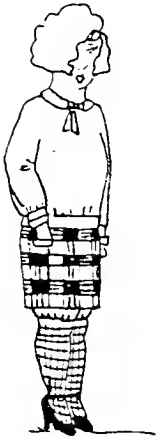


Ellen

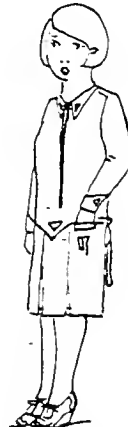
As you see young Ellen here,
Properly clothed does she appear,
For very suitably gowned is she,
As a young school girl should be.
Just look at her, and you will find
You'll wish there were more of her kind.

Should you meet Annie any place,
You'd think she was a real disgrace;
You'd wonder, "My, who is that girl,
That keeps her hair in frizz and curl,
Whose dresses pull and show her knee?
She surely doesn't appeal to me."

As modest Genevieve does pass,
On her way to Science Class,
Please observe how very neat
Is her garb, from head to feet.
Dressed quietly and not too plain;
Taste from her, some of us could gain.



Annie



Genevieve

Vain Betty is ill-dressed, you see,
With stockings rolled below the knee;
With high heeled shoes and ear-rings, too;
And shortest skirt of brilliant hue.
And, with me, I'm sure you'll say
No school-girl should be dressed that way.

Look at Edna, you will see
A well-dressed girl, for that is she;
Her dress is plain and sober of hue;
A pleasing picture, that is true.
And wherever we may go,
She's the type of girl we'd wish to know.

Now do you think you have seen them pass
As you have gone to your English class?
As you've observed, don't you agree
That the dress of some girls changed should be?
For in our school we want the kind
Who are well-dressed, modest, and refined.



Betty



Edna

SPORTS



JANET & ELINOR



THINK!



ALONE



A HAPPY PAIR



FUN



SURE



JANE



PEEK



CAREFUL



SEE!



WHERE IS IT?



SCOUTING



HERE SIR



Jack Christman

Max Baer

Yell Leaders

As you have noticed, Max has an able assistant. Jack is the tall, thin boy who can wave his arms, let his voice out, and help Max encourage our team. His winning voice is the result of fourteen years of strenuous training. Why, even when a baby he found he could get what he wanted by using this strong, melodious voice. One day as his mother was pushing his cab along the busy street, Jack saw a bright red rattle that he wanted. He set up a cry, let out a war whoop, and frantically waved his arms. The rattle immediately became his.

Our peppy yell-leader early learned that by frantically waving his arms and yelling he could get anything he wanted.

When we hear Jack enthusiastically yelling—
"Sis! Boom! Bah!

Central Junior High School

Rah! Rah! Rah!"

We all join in very heartily.

Max Baer is, to be exact, 5 ft. 9¾ inches tall and he weighs 165 pounds. He doesn't know how he became such a good yell-leader but the story goes that he got it from playing wild Indian. He was chief of a tribe that consisted of three deaf members. In order to make them understand, he had to motion with his hands

and yell. One time he had to teach them a new war dance. He jumped around and hollered so loud that even the deaf boys had to stuff their fingers in their ears.

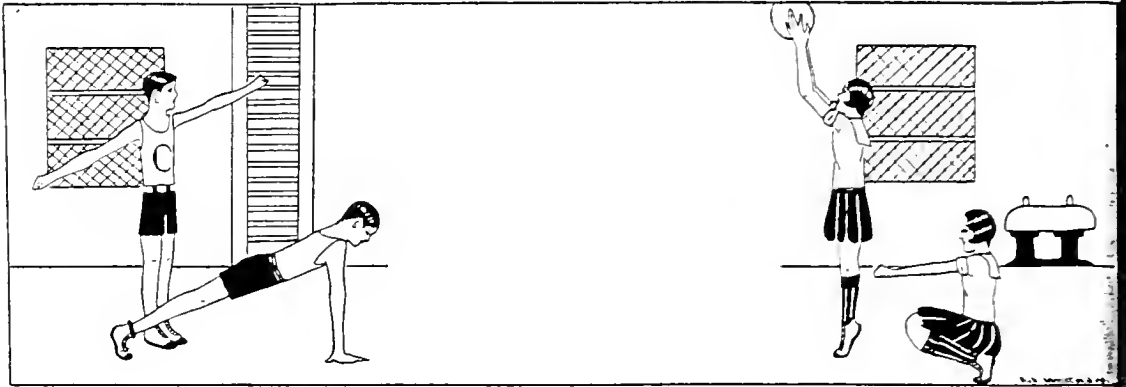
Max still thinks he's a chief of the deaf tribe and when he becomes excited at a game, he waves his arms and yells "We'll Win! By Golly! We'll Win!" and, By Golly! we usually do.

Answers for Hidden Latin Words

1. amo.
2. nomen.
3. do.
4. sto.
5. bene.
6. mitto.
7. timeo.
8. satis.
9. mare.
10. gero.

The cover was designed by Mary Mattes, 7A,
under the direction of Miss Crawford.





Hockey

For the first time, girls of Central Junior High School played hockey through the fall months. As the weather grew colder, we donned heavy sweaters, caps, stockings and gloves, which with our shin guards gave us a professional look. Interest ran high. Seventh, eighth, and ninth grade girls played under all conditions of weather. When Leeper Park was a field of mud, a sheet of ice, and a slushy bed of snow, we practiced. We were so enthusiastic that even when Santa Claus paraded by the field, we did not stop to see the dear saint.

Our two games were held at the Athletic Field. The first game was with Riley on a snappy, sunny day. Although we won by a score of 4 to 0, we must say that our opponents were good, clean players and admirable losers. Our last game was with Muessel, the score 2 to 1 in their favor.

A banquet at the Y. W. C. A. closed our season early in December. There we discussed our previous work and our plans for next fall. Our banquet ended two months of work in a new, outdoor sport, leaving us the better fitted physically and mentally for the winter activities.

The following girls composed the final squad:

Maxine Davidson, L. W.; Natalie Flowers, L. I.; Pauline Greisinger, R. W.; Helen Jorgenson, L. I.; Geraldine Fortin, R. I.; Margaret Robinson, L. W.; Emily Applegate, Cen.; Helen Lacer, R. W.; Lillian Chapleau, R. I.; Dorothy Feingold, R. H.; Helen Lamport (c.), C. H.; Mary Jane Myers, R. H.; Sarah Jones, R. H.; Gertrude Shafer, L. F.; Lillian Fisher, L. F.; Alice Vail, L. H.; Mary Katherine Roose, L. H.; Kathleen McInerny, R. F.; Mildred Small, R. F.; Lillian Wagner, G. K.; Eileen Thomas, G. K.

The Sleeping Beauty

The curtains were drawn away from the realm of story-books. All Central Junior High School sat gazing at a bit of Fairyland as the "Sleeping Beauty" was acted before them by the girls of the gymnasium classes.

The Princess' birthday party, the king and queen, the Wicked Fairy, and the sleep of a hundred years which fell upon the court were all reproduced. The noble prince came to save them as in the tale and of course everyone lived happily ever after.

The characters were:

Storyteller—Hildamarie Treesh.

King—Helen Lamport.

Queen—Janet Pointer.

Princess—Kathleen McInerny.

Prince—Mary Louise Fry.

Jester—Margot Hesse.

Wicked Fairy—Della Bennett.

Dolls—Jean Bennett, Geraldine Benson.

Pages—June Finch, Evelyn Barrett.

Guests—Margaret Small, Marjorie Finch, Peggy Reed, Madelyn Smith, Marcia Case, Geraldine Funston, Jane Crockett, Clara Klingel, Maxine Davidson, Alice Kuehn, Ethel Levenson, Roberta Wilson.

Queen's Attendants—Janet Jackson, Kathryn Gordon.

Guards—Marie Bauer, Virginia Dillon, Ella Hartke, Lucille Greenaway, Muriel Levy, Helen Peterson, Wanda Olezak, Elizabeth Dolgos, Dorothy Coleman, Jolan Borbely.



BASKET BALL TEAM

Upper row: Left to right, Angela Heiser, Mary Jane Myers, Miss Youngquist (coach), Mildred Small, Mildred Shannon.
Lower row: Lillian Chapleau, Vivian Lee, Gertrude Shafer (captain), Betty Brugger, Marcia Case.

Basket Ball

The basketball season has been one of constant interest and enjoyment, though there were no decisive victories for the Freshmen. The season began with the color tournament. It was a flashing affair and on each team were young Freshies, wise Sophs, jolly Juniors, and noble Seniors. After weeks of Monday night practice, Miss Youngquist picked the following team: Captain, Gertrude Shafer; jumping centers, Gertrude Shafer and Mary Jane Myers; running center, Marcia Case; forwards, Lillian Chapleau, Vivian Lee, and Angela Heiser; guards, Mildred Small, Mildred Shannon, and Betty Brugger.

The Freshmen wore vivid green cambric costumes with green socks, and the other teams wore their chosen colors.

Here are the scores for the inter-class games:

Feb. 23—Juniors 26, Freshmen 6.

Feb. 25—Senior B's 24, Freshmen 4.

Mar. 2—Sophomore A's 27, Freshmen 7.

Mar. 3—Sophomore B's 21, Freshmen 11.

Mar. 8—Senior A's 38, Freshmen 2.

Although the Freshmen did not make high scores, no one can say that they lacked pluck, energy, and spirit and no one can say that they lacked fun and food at the banquet which was given at the end of the season.

Gym

1.

The girls of Central Junior High,
Will never have to weep or sigh,
Because their health is failing.

2.

Bad teeth and tonsils have all been found,
Hearts were examined for the slightest sound,
And many from gym were taken.

3.

The remaining girls were strong and stocky,
Ready for basketball and hockey,
And exercises of every kind.

4.

Jumping and racing have both been done,
With drilling and marching and heaps of fun,
For all the girls included.

5.

Here's success to the future classes,
To sports and to athletic lasses,
Of dear old Central Junior High.



VOLLEY BALL TEAM

Upper row: Left to right, Jolan Borbely, Helen Simon, Theresa Musik, Francis Jones, Arlean Herrick, Renata Weissbrodt.

Middle row: Dorothy Guyon, Geraldine Fortin, Elizabeth Steb (captain), Dorothy Hoffman, Anna Molnar.

Lower row: June Finch, June Turnock, Rose Zoss, Virginia Kuhl, Betty Myers.

Volley Ball

The Central Junior High School is very proud of its 1926-1927 girls' volley ball team. The Central girls became so interested in this sport that practices were held not only after school, but during noon hours.

In the Inter-Junior High tournament our team tied for first place with Riley and Oliver. The ties were played off in two games. On April 27, Oliver played Riley at the Muessel school and won two games out of three.

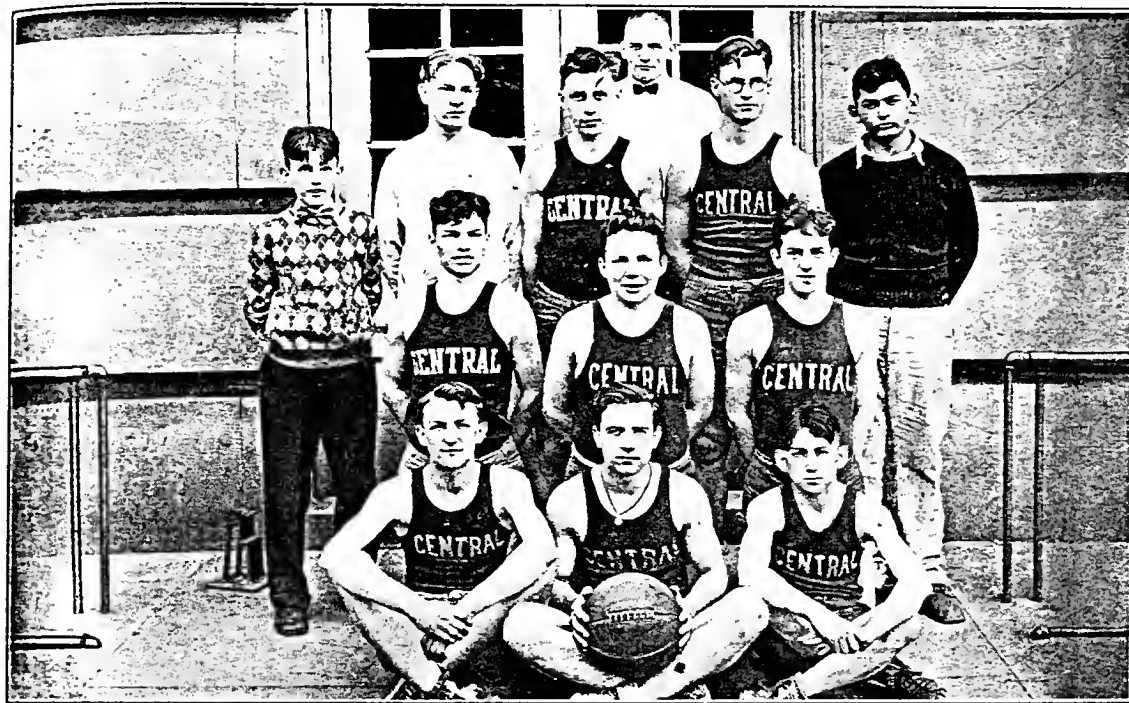
On May 2nd, Oliver played Central in the Muessel school gym. Central won two games and Oliver won one. This gave Central for the city with Oliver and Riley tying for

the Junior High School volley ball championship second.

A two weeks' tournament was held between the teams of the Senior High School and Central Junior High School. The Central A's beat every team with which it played, except the Seniors, thus winning second place. The Central B's lost only two games, thereby gaining honors.

This most successful year closed with a breakfast picnic. Here the Central B's tied with the Central A's in eating, yelling, and enjoying a general good time.





BASKET BALL TEAM

Upper row: Left to right, Archie Graham (team manager), Herman Unger, King Detzler, Mr. Richard (coach), Harry Sears, Barney Zoss (student manager).
Middle row: Charles Eger, William Tate, Jack Carr.
Lower row: John Hodosy, Alex Gerencher (captain), David Goldberg.

Basket Ball

Our basket ball team has done very good work this season and it is a team of which we can be proud. We received a flying start by beating:

Muessel 14 to 17 on Dec. 18.

Nuner 13 to 15 on Jan. 8.

Oliver 24 to 31 on Jan. 22.

We were beaten by Riley, 26 to 17, on Jan. 29, but this did not dampen our spirits; it only made us fight harder.

The team has worked very hard, practicing almost every night after school. Mr. Ewing and

Mr. Fulwider were our first coaches. Mr. Richard is now coaching us.

On Feb. 5 our players tied with Muessel, 27 to 27, and we beat Nuner the next Saturday, 2 to 20. Feb. 26 brought defeat from Oliver, the score being:

Oliver, 17; Central, 15.

Riley defeated us in our last game, 20 to 4.

Central Junior High is tied with Muessel and Oliver for second place in the Inter-Junior High School League.

Spelling Contest

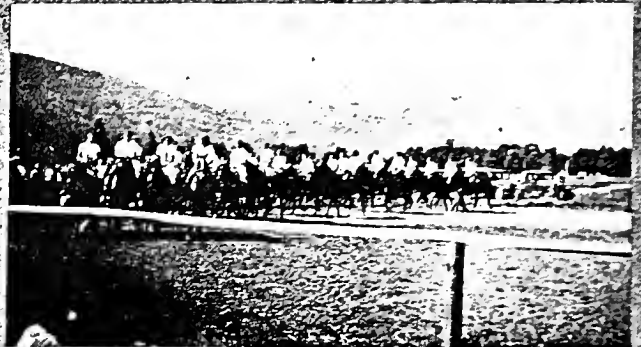
For the third time spelling has been unearthed and spellers have been worked overtime; for the boys and girls of Central are determined to win the honors in spelling.

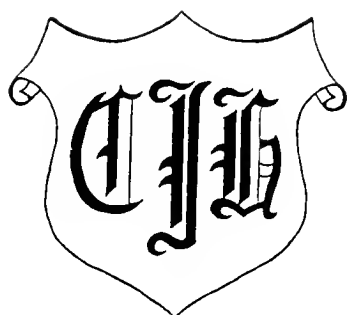
The grade spelling experts from the whole city will again compete for the much-coveted trip, probably to Niagara Falls.

In the three elimination contests the school representative will be chosen. On May 20, the delegates from all the city schools will hold an old-fashioned spelling bee in the High School auditorium to determine the city champion.

Our hopes and expectations are centered in our Central spellers.

HEALTH ACTIVITIES





Book ii. Literary

The Farmer

It was September, and the corridors of Trenton High School were filled with throngs of merry students ready to go to work after a vacation of two months. Everyone seemed happy, and here and there stood groups of laughing, chattering boys and girls.

But in one corner of the great hall lounged a boy, evidently a new pupil, plainly from the country. He was tall, sun-burned, and muscular, with nice eyes and a generally good-looking face. If anyone noticed him at all, they supposed him to be a bashful "Freshie".

At an angle from the country boys' corner, stood a group of "football men", discussing the games for the coming season.

"Gee," Bill Kennedy, football captain, was saying, "we haven't a good husky tackle on the squad that is almost sure to be picked. They're good, but they haven't got the weight they need." He stopped talking and stared hard for a minute. "Say, he's going to be right tackle on this year's squad," he announced triumphantly.

"Who?" came in a chorus from the boys.

"Why, the 'Farmer' over there." Bill returned impatiently. "Now, isn't he built swell for tackle?"

"Yeh, but try and get him out for football. I'll bet he keeps his nose glued to a book all the time. S'pose he never saw a real 'pigskin' before this year," drawled Jim Davis disdainfully.

"Oh, never mind; we'll promise him all kinds of glories if he'll only come out. He's simple; he won't fall for our scheme. And besides, it's for the honor of our school," answered Bill in a matter-of-fact tone. "Come on! Let's go over and get acquainted."

The boys sauntered over, spoke to him, made a casual remark about the weather, and promptly decided that the "Farmer" didn't want their patronage. After several questions were briefly answered, Bill ventured to remark about football. The "Farmer" was not very enthusiastic. He had never seen a good game; he did not know how to play. He didn't think he'd care to—. But by this time Bill had discovered that the "Farmer" was not as simple as he looked. Plainly, he had no time for football. But it is hardly possible for one to be approached about football, to be chased after by the "big men" of the school, and to visualize the glories one would receive if one played on

the "time-team" and not consent at least to try to play. At last, the "Farmer" consented to go out for football.

The first night of practice, promptly at three-thirty, he came lumbering onto the field, with his sweat-shirt and head-gear on backwards, and his shoulder-pads hanging loosely over one arm. It was somewhat of an effort for the boys to keep from laughing, but finally they did get him fixed; then practice began. First, they showed him how to tackle, but the squad was divided into two teams, wearing the same uniforms. The "Farmer" tackled anybody and everybody who got in his way. But he brought them down, just the same.

Somehow he got the ball, and somebody told him to run. He did. They stopped him just before he reached the edge of the athletic park. But they would teach him yet, the boys declared. So practice went on, though many expressed the opinion that it was a hopeless task. They thought the "Farmer" would never learn the signals, as he always seemed to do the wrong thing at the right time. He was kept out of as many games as could be played without him. The boy may have been very "simple", as Bill expressed it, but he did not realize that he was a total loss at football; and he had so wanted to show up those city snobs!

Three weeks before the last game—the Big Game with Beaton High—the "Farmer" decided that he would learn to play. He got the neighborhood fellows together, and started practicing with them.

At last the fatal day arrived, with Trenton's only other good tackle in bed with a broken leg. The game started with the "Farmer" playing right tackle on the bench. A poor tackle, though a fellow who knew the signals, had been put in the game. The "Farmer" was disappointed, but his disappointment was greater when, at the end of the half, the score stood 6 to 0 in favor of Beaton.

The third quarter began, and ended, with the score only 6 to 3, with Trenton still at the little end of the scale. Immediately after the last quarter began, Trenton's right tackle was knocked out, and the coach turned resignedly to the "Farmer".

"You'll have to go in there and play," he almost sighed.

"We're going to win," the "Farmer" flung back at him over his shoulder. The last words he heard were:

"Remember signals, and don't talk." This from the coach.

"Signals!!" called the quarterback, repeating the words when "Cheek" was called. The squads launched into play and the "Farmer" made a clean sweep around him, while he didn't tackle any of his own men, either!

"Get it!" somebody shouted, and he looked up to see the pigskin spinning through the air. He caught it perfectly, and turned; but he had forgotten which was Trenton's goal-post! Somebody was in front of him; he looked at the fellow's socks and they were Beaton's colors. Like a flash he swung around and made the eighty-five yards to the goal-post in "nothing flat", so his opponents declared afterward.

He fell over Trenton's goal line, with the ball tucked under his arm. Hardly two seconds later the referee's whistle ended the game, with the score standing 9 to 6 in favor of Trenton. Not much of a victory, but the first triumph over Beaton High School in three years!

Of course, the "Farmer", from now on dubbed "The Flash", became the idol of the school. He had shown those city snobs something! Simple? Well, maybe, but—

—THELMA ROOSA, 9A.

The Mysterious Animal

At a lumber camp in Wisconsin many things were happening. One of these was that of a mysterious animal which was infesting the camp almost every night. One day Jack Howland decided to investigate the case, as it was his cottage which was molested the most.

He started his investigation by going around to the different huts to borrow axes and hatchets, which he could throw at the strange and mysterious being. That night before he retired he placed the axes and hatchets on a rudely built chair by his bed so they would be within easy reach.

About midnight he heard the usual scratching on the door, and the wiggling of the latch. The door opened slowly, and in the darkness Jack could barely make out the form of an animal. He picked up one of the axes, took careful aim, and threw as he never threw before. There was a low yelp, and the animal was gone for that night.

Jack went to sleep, and when he awoke the next morning he looked for a clue as to what kind of animal it was. All he found was its tail which was outside the door, and the axe

which was stuck in the door. Nothing was said about it that day when he went to work.

The next night the animal came again and walked around the cottage, saying, "I want my tail! I want my tail!" Jack was awake by this time and prepared himself for action. The animal came in through the door which was left open by Jack for the purpose of having the animal take an easier chance to make a getaway if necessary. The lumberman was in a corner and was out of danger. The animal gave a spring at the bed, thinking Jack was in it. In doing this it hit the bed-post and was stunned.

Jack tied its feet so it couldn't get away. Then he ran out and told all the men that he had a surprise for them. When they got to his cabin he turned on the light. He took hold of the animal to turn it over and look at it. The hide came off. Every one was astonished, for there lay McFarley, the Irishman of the camp, who was always getting into mischief and who thought he could pull the same trick more than once successfully, but was now stopped short.

—GERALD HAGOPIAN, 9B.

The Necessity of Paying Attention During Recitation

At the age of five most of us take our first step in the path that leads to a very valuable possession—education. From the first time in school until we, some twelve years later, have finished our high school course, the majority of us spend nine months of every year in school. Anyone with just plain common sense would say that a person who had passed as much time as that in school would surely, at the completion of his course, be a very bright and polished person. Yet a large per cent of graduates lack many excellent qualities. Why? Is it that we have not formed the habit of applying ourselves to a given task? Can it be that we do not concentrate hard enough? It might be for one reason, or for one hundred reasons. But there is one reason which plays quite an important part in the drama of education; it is known as "Inattention".

When in school, church, assembly or elsewhere, while the speaker has the floor, let us be gentlemanlike or ladylike enough to pay strict attention to what is being said, even though it may not interest us. We can be polite enough, at least, to consider other people's rights to our attention.

—INEZ AMERICA SMITH, 9B.

The Day of Atonement

Orthodox Version.

The Talmud, the Hebrew book of learning, commands the Jewish people to observe on the eighteenth of October, a Day of Atonement, Yom Kippur. This day has been kept by Jewish people ever since the time of Moses. Night drops its lovely mantle over peaceful Jews. Everyone has eaten the last meal and taken his last drink, for the Jewish law says that no one may eat or drink on the Day of Atonement.

About six o'clock we enter the Shul. The men go downstairs and the women go upstairs. Contrary to the customs of all other religions is the Jewish religion; the men do not take off their hats, but they wear a white scarf thrown about them, a talles. Every boy when he reaches his thirteenth birthday receives one.

Soon the chazzan, the cantor, will begin the services which are in Hebrew. Everyone prays in groups, as do the Chinese children when studying their lessons, and the result, strange as it may seem, is harmonious to the ear. After a few hours of this praying in unison, the congregation breaks up.

Early the next morning the congregation will again come to the synagogue, and at nine o'clock services are held in memory of the dead. These services are called Esquer. Every girl, boy, man, and woman who has a dead parent comes to the synagogue, or at least they should come, to say Esquer.

It is noon and the congregation still continues praying. We notice some children eating cookies; and although we are not hungry we are very thirsty, for you know we have not had any water since five o'clock of the night before. We grow restless and go outside for awhile.

Many, many years ago the Day of Atonement, although a day of sorrow, was also Dan Cupid's day, for at the synagogue many a young man met his mate. But now, in the twentieth century things are changed, and youths plan future pleasures when they leave the synagogue to come outside and gossip.

As soon as we are seated, a Rabbi begins to speak. He talks about a mother who gave up in one day her seven sons for God. The mother was Hannah, who lived during the time of the Roman empire. Because the seven young boys would not give up the religion of their forefathers and worship the Roman governor instead of God, they were put to death, and the mother in a moment of great grief killed herself. We wipe a few tears from our eyes fur-

tively, as if ashamed of ourselves. But on looking around we see many women crying; doubtless they are mothers.

The Rabbi closes his speech with a few kind words in which he says that he hopes that the congregation will in the future refrain from sinning. Again the congregation prays to God for forgiveness, and not only do some people pray, but they also sob bitterly. Only their Maker knows why.

Downstairs in the main part of the synagogue, some men walk up to the holy ark and draw aside the rich drapery to take out the Holy Torrahs, which are scrolls, each about a foot thick with beautiful coverings. The men walk around with the Torrahs and everyone kisses them. The Jewish people observe a special holiday each year, in memory of Moses giving them the temple. One man takes a Torah to the altar where the chazzan, who is dressed in a long flowing white robe and a small white hat like that which a cardinal wears, reads that part of it which pertains to the Day of Atonement.

It is two o'clock and we are so very, very thirsty; but yet we must not sin on the very day when we are atoning for our past sins. Again we go outside and converse, and for the third time we enter the synagogue. The chazzan, who has a wonderful voice, begins to sing a Hebrew hymn. A pin can be heard, for the congregation is quiet.

Six o'clock finds us again outside the synagogue for a little fresh air. We have barely spoken a word to an acquaintance, when a man comes out and tells us to come in to hear "Shaffer", which is the blowing of a horn by the Chazzan in memory of the high priest of the Holy Temple in Jerusalem when he called the Jewish people together. During the ceremony God's name is mentioned, and all the congregation bow in adoration, just as the high priest did thousands of years ago when he entered the Holy of Holies.

As soon as "Shaffer" is ended so is the Day of Atonement, and everyone goes home to a big meal prepared the day before.

—DOROTHY HERSHBERG, 9A.

THE CARDINAL

With a flash of red and a flapping of wings,
Whistling a low, clear note to his mate,
'Tis a cardinal soaring very high
Above the tree-tops into the sky.

—Ruth Gore, 8A.

I Capture Black Kangaroo

Swish! Splash! I spun until I hit the icy waters with a plunge. Deluged by the mighty impact of my jump, I seemed to be swallowing gallons of water. I thought I would drown, but rising to the surface, I regained my presence of mind long enough to see Black Kangaroo's ship slowly drawing away from me, leaving me to the relentless waves, with no land in sight. I fancied that I heard Black Kangaroo's voice shouting, "Stay there, you dog, and drown! Ye'll make good feedin' for the crawfish. More than once ye came across my path, spoiling a booty-capture and treasure hunt. Stay there and rot with the cuttle-fish!"

My heart was having an argument with my judgment; my teeth were chattering worse than a quarreling squirrel's. I was cold, hungry, angry, humiliated. I, editor of the "New York Times", and twice mayor of New York, had been forced to walk the plank off the Sargasso Islands, by a scoundrel, Black Kangaroo. But at present I could not launch my mind on contemptible musings. Blindly I struck out in the fast-gathering darkness, swimming with easy, powerful strokes. A breeze had struck up, aiding my advance in these unknown waters.

Trusting to "Old Lady Luck", I soon saw straight ahead of me Black Kangaroo's rotten smack edging her way toward a small island half a mile distant. Noiselessly I cut through the water toward the ship. Shortly I reached the frigate and groped around for the hawser. Finding it, I awaited further developments.

The pirates lowered a boat, and the entire crew of twenty-two struck out for shore, seeking camp and a night's rest. Deeming it wise, I waited till they had reached shore, when I scaled the ship's side, aided by the hawser. The ship was now in my possession. Chuckling over my cleverness, I at once attacked the hold in the fo'c'sle and drank and ate till my sides bulged in honor of this rare occasion. Taking a last look at the row of fires on the shore, I secured the ship for the night and went to sleep on a coil of rope decorating the front deck.

The sun was rising. A zephyr from the northwest was making the waves dance a three-step polka to the tune of an operetta. Forcing my attention on the pirates, I surmised that they were leaving for the ship. My assumption proved correct when I saw the boat, which they had used the day before, come slowly toward the vessel.

Immediately I prepared for battle. Taking two of the six-inch cannon that were on the rear deck, I primed them, pointing them toward the pirates. Arming myself, I awaited the buccaneers, chuckling over their surprise at finding me aboard. When they came within range, I walked boldly on the side deck and fired at the ship, to frighten them as preliminary to what would follow.

The boat was soon the scene of confusion, Black Kangaroo trying in vain to quiet his crew. "Shut up, you dogs; can't you give me your undivided attention while you are still undivided?" I yelled.

The amazement of Black Kangaroo at finding me on his ship after supposing me dead was more than he could stand. He fired at me. But I ducked very easily, and soon bobbed up again, laughing at him.

"Now, look here, Mr. Kangaroo or Jackal or whatever animal you happen to be. I have you at cannon's point, and if you dogs try any of your monkey-shines, you'll all be decorating Davy Jones' locker. All you have to do to save your necks from amusing an audience via the gallows route is to obey my orders and shut up. If you don't, I'll break every one of your heathen bones."

Black Kangaroo bared his teeth and again fired. Again I ducked. Cried Black Kangaroo, "I'll take no sass from a little urchin like you. Give me that ship, or I'll drown you for sure."

Disregarding this last remark, I threw the pirates a tow-rope, shouting, "Would you rather hang, or stay here? If you want to go along with me, I'll promise to be lenient with you; but if you don't, the Lord be lenient with you."

With this I turned one of the cannons upon them and fired. This was the last straw, for Black Kangaroo yielded, attached the tow-rope to the boat, and in a twinkling I was homeward bound with the fiercest band of pirates that ever sailed the seas, all loudly lamenting their failure to post a sentinel on deck.

Ere the trip to New York was done, Black Kangaroo had walked the plank exactly fourteen times, each time uttering oaths too profane to put on paper. On my arrival, I released the pirates to the police. Ten days later it was rumored that Black Kangaroo once more roamed the seas.

—SIMON BOORDA, 9A.

The Oregon Trail

A Book Review.

This book is of the non-fiction type, and is considered a classic of literature, dealing with travel and adventure. Most of the happenings took place in the West about 1849 at the time when gold was discovered.

Francis Parkman, the author of the story, was an historian and adventurer. He had had poor health from boyhood on, but being a man of high aims and a lover of action, he went off on the Oregon trail for a study of the red man in his primeval state. Parkman had kindness, modesty, sociability and humor, besides possessing those traits so noticeable in his books. He no doubt had a very strong, heroic character. He was a splendid word-painter of heroes, and must have had a wonderful imagination.

The chief characters of the story are Parkman, Shaw, Henry Chantillon, and Deslauriers. Not much is said of Quincy Adams Shaw, only that he was a companion and relative of Parkman. Henry Chantillon was the guide and hunter of the party. He was tall and well built, and had a frank and open expression. His chief characteristics were that he was an honorable, trustworthy, and kind man. His bravery and skill were known throughout the West. Deslauriers was the muleteer of the party. Neither fatigue, exposure, nor hard labor could ever lessen his cheerfulness or politeness. When night came, he would smoke his pipe and tell stories. He, like Chantillon, knew the prairie better than anything else.

One of the most exciting incidents is a buffalo hunt. The party had been camped on the Platte river for several days, and had seen no signs of buffalo. One day there was a shout of "Buffalo!" in camp. Over on the hillsides were some herds grazing. Making ready for the hunt, Parkman and some others started out. Making a circuit to keep out of sight, Parkman and Shaw rode toward the herd and then stopped behind a ridge to load their guns. Riding toward the buffalo at a gallop, they scared the herd into a stampede. A cloud of dust went up; finally, after some galloping, the animals separated into small groups. Soon Parkman urged his horse close to a bull. He fired, but it only wounded the monster. After this, Parkman's horse started on a run because he was frightened by the bull, and very soon Parkman could no longer see the herd. After some running, his horse came to a ridge from the top of which

he could see the herd again. He loaded his pistols and soon was abreast a large bull which turned and charged and then ran away.

The "Oregon Trail" is one of the best stories of travel and adventure I have ever read. My reasons for my opinion are: first, the story is very realistic; second, it shows a great deal of action.

—KNOWLES SMITH, 7A.

General Lew Wallace's Study

In the small town of Crawfordsville, in the west-central part of Indiana, is the home of General Lew Wallace. Visitors are not allowed in his home, but they are allowed in the building where he wrote most of his books. His study is in the yard at one side of the house. The grounds are very spacious, having many beautiful old trees and gravelled paths.

In the study we saw the chair where Wallace sat when he wrote. In the center of the room is a small table with a glass top which protects the relics underneath. We looked at these objects with much interest because here were the very pen and pencil Wallace used. We also saw the original manuscript of *Ben Hur*. It is written very carelessly in pencil, scratched out and re-written in many places. Beside it, is the copy which he made in ink. Near these is a copy of one of his first published books. In glass cases are letters written by Lincoln, Garfield, and many other notable persons. There are many portraits and flags on the walls.

"But what is that machine across the room?" The old keeper replies that there are pictures of the Civil War in it. "Just put your eyes over that hole, Miss, and you'll see the picture. Whenever you wish to see another, just turn the knob and it will appear, Miss." We saw pictures of soldiers and battlefields. By the time we had seen all fifty pictures, we had some idea of the way the soldiers and battle scenes appeared.

It is often said that the rooms were hallowed by Wallace's "*Ben Hur*" being written there, but this is not a fact, for the book was written many years before the library was built. We had been in the study three-quarters of an hour before we noticed that the room is entirely lighted by an enormous skylight which covers the entire ceiling and lights the room more effectively than if windows furnished the light.

As we walk down the path to our automobile, we are very glad that we visited the library of the great author, General Lew Wallace.

—JANE CROCKETT, 7A.

A Fairy Tale

Once upon a time, long ago, there was a king. He was not a happy king. There were only two people that knew the reason for his unhappiness. They were his daughters. Annabelle, the elder, was the more beautiful of the two. She had golden hair and blue eyes, but she was cross and ill-humored. She treated her sister as a servant. She was cruel to her.

Helene was beautiful in a lovely way. She was generous and kind. She was always happy, and was always trying to make everyone around her happy. Helene was just the opposite of Annabelle. She was dark complexioned.

Annabelle and Helene knew that the king went for a walk every morning. They also knew that, during this walk, he met an enormous monster, horrible to look upon. This monster demanded everything to eat that was fit for a king to eat. And it was not long before the dreadful creature had eaten almost everything in the kingdom.

The king soon saw what would happen if he couldn't find some way to rid the kingdom of this monster. He issued a proclamation stating, that whoever would kill the monster would get half of the kingdom. But, if he lost, he would have to forfeit his head.

Now, Annabelle was very greedy. Even so, she had many suitors for her hand. She told her suitors that if they would fight this monster and kill him she would marry the winner. Many tried but failed. This angered Annabelle.

Now Helene had only one sweetheart, who was a poor peasant. One day he came and bade her good-bye. Arthur told her he was going to try to kill this monster. He said, "If I fail, it will mean just one poor man less in the world." After days of pleading, she consented to let him go, for she knew this would be the only way to win him. If he won, he could get her hand, for he wouldn't be a poor man any longer.

When the people heard his decision they laughed. They told him he was very foolish. But he said nothing could stop him. When the king heard this he shook his head. But through a mere coincidence, Arthur killed the monster.

When the kingdom heard this they rejoiced. Arthur received half of the kingdom and Helene as a wife. And they lived happily forever after.

—BONNYLIN BARNES, 8A.

A Boy's Reward

It was in the year 1252 that the great adventure befell Robin, son of a distinguished lord, there at his royal majesty's castle, Delvin. Robin was a sturdy, well built boy of eighteen. His very countenance bespoke hardihood and vigor. He was happy when out-of-doors tilting. Richard, the king's brother, seemed very much attracted to Robin, and very often the two could be seen having a friendly encounter in the tilt-yard. Richard had many times spoken to the king of Robin and his ambitions.

It happened on a bright, sunny morning that a hunt was proposed. As you may imagine, Richard's influence helped Robin to become a proud member of the hunt in which he held the much-coveted position of personal body-guard to the king. As the merry little band rode under the arch of the castle's entrance, all the assembled people gave throat to a mighty cheer.

As befitted a king, Henry proceeded to give instructions to various groups. It chanced that Richard, Henry, and Robin were in one group. As Robin led the way, from the height of his horse he thought he saw something move in the brush. He held up his bow and let fly. With a most ear-splitting shriek a huge monster rushed straight for the king, who had by this time dismounted. With a mighty heave Robin launched himself from the back of his horse straight for the back of the hairy one! With a thud Robin hit the brute who crumpled in a heap. With a knife in hand, Robin struck once, twice, thrice, straight into the savage heart of the beast. As he arose, covered with gore, the king advanced upon him and said:

"Tomorrow at noon shalt thou have the great honor bestowed upon thee."

The next day came, as days have a habit of doing. It was five minutes after noon when Robin arose as Sir Robin Falsworth, Knight of the Bath, graced by his majesty's hand.

—GERALD DAVIS, 9B.



A Story From the Past

One day, while searching for clothes in which to dress up, I came upon a beautiful old gown in a hair-trunk in the attic. It was fashioned after the style of the early nineteenth-century gowns, having a tight, short bodice and a long, full skirt. Around the neck was a bertha of rare old lace trimmed with tiny black ribbons and rosebuds, and the skirt was so full that it fairly took my breath away. It was entirely covered with dainty ruffles, and in the most unexpected places it was caught up with a few tiny rosebuds. But what I liked most was the color; the whole dress was made of a heavenly blue taffeta. Perhaps, I thought, Grandmother might know something about this dress. So, gathering it carefully into my arms, I hurried downstairs to where she sat, absorbed in memories of the past. I hated to disturb her, but I wanted so much to hear about the dress, so I entered the room. Stepping quietly across the room, I laid the dress on her lap. She looked quickly around; then, spying me, she smiled and inquired as to what mischief had brought me here. I explained, and when she saw how much in earnest I was, she consented to tell me about it.

"Well," she began, "it would be a long story were I to tell you about all the parties to which I have worn this gown. I'll just tell you about the one I enjoyed most." Here she paused and I noticed a dreamy, far-away look in her eyes. "This dress has brought me luck, for it was when I was wearing it that I met your Grandfather. I was sitting at the breakfast table in our big colonial house outside town one morning when I heard the postman's carriage come creaking down the road. As I was always eager for mail, I jumped up from the table and ran out. There was but one letter for me—a tiny, perfumed lavender one. I hurriedly opened it and found, to my surprise, a dainty invitation to a ball given the next night at my friend's home in the city. I fairly flew back into the house to tell my father about it and to get his consent, which proved harder than I thought. For although I had been to several dances in the immediate neighborhood, I had never attended a real ball in a city. Father was entirely against the plan. I told him that I felt sure I could stay with my cousin in the city over night after the ball, but Father would not hear of it, and though I argued and pleaded, it was in vain. All the rest of the day I moped around the house, refusing food and sympathy

from all. The next morning at breakfast Father looked across the table at me and said:

"Well, daughter, then if you must go, I guess you must."

I was so surprised that I actually jumped. Finally it was settled, and early that afternoon I rode into town, carrying my "party clothes" in a bag beside me. I stayed with my cousin, who was also going to the ball, and when the hour had come, we set out toward the house of our friend.

"I scarcely remember anything about the party after the time when I met your Grandfather, for I was so rattled I hardly knew when it was time to leave. We danced and danced through the whole evening, and not once did I look at another man. After that night he came to see me often, and I really think that that time was the happiest time of my life. And now, dearie, you had better run outside and play, for I've told you a much longer story than I intended."

So I ran out and left her to muse by herself.

—VIRGINIA WHITMORE, 9B.

My Favorite Character in Fiction

My favorite character in fiction is Peggy Raymond, the principal character in Harriet Smith's book, "The Girls of Friendly Terrace". Peggy is tall, slender, healthy and light-complexioned. From her reddish-brown top-knot to the tip of her toes she is always bubbling over with life and joyous energy. She has a disposition every girl would like to possess. She has patience, which is a quality not common in many. Besides patience, she has honesty, kindness, sympathy, and joyfulness. She understands her friends and is a perfect friend to have.

One day she took some poor children out for a picnic. After they had lunch, the children ran off to play, while she and her friends picked up the left-over food. Soon one child came back with an arm full of tulips. After being asked where she had picked them, she told Peggy she had found them in a farmer's yard. Peggy told her she must not do that any more. But instead of letting the matter stop at that point, she went up to the farmhouse and explained it to the kind old lady who appeared in the doorway.

I selected Peggy because she is exactly the kind of a person I would like for a neighbor. Even for a distant friend, she would be desirable.

—ROSE SZABO, 8A.

Aunt Maude Learning to Control Her Henry

Aunt Maude got a new Ford for her birthday and was determined to learn to drive it that very day. "I'll just sit in it for a while," she said, "and get used to the hang of the thing."

She sat there for fifteen minutes, pulling and releasing the brake. "I'll try starting it now," she thought. So she released the emergency brake. "Now, let's see," she said. "You put your left foot on that do-jigger there and shove it clear in."

She grabbed the wheel and steered straight ahead, but the car did not move. She had forgotten to turn on the gas and step on the starter. After she was well started and in the country, the car stopped. Aunt Maude pulled this and pushed that. Still the car did not move.

"Now, can you beat that?" said she. "I'm blest if I know what to do now." She looked around, but there was no one in sight. "Guess I'll have to sit here like a hen on a china egg." That is just what she looked like. The sun was hot; so was Aunt Maude. So, too, was the car, but that was what Aunt Maude didn't know.

Half an hour went by. Still no one appeared. In desperation Aunt Maude did all those things she had been taught. Imagine her surprise when the car moved—not forward, but backward!

"Heavenly days!" cried Aunt Maude. "can you beat that? No wonder they call you Lizzie." More through luck than anything else her foot slipped off of the reverse pedal and she threw the clutch into low. With a sudden jump forward the car pitched ahead, while her foot slipped off of the clutch, and the car at once went into full speed.

Finally she arrived home just as she ran out of gas. Mother was on the back porch looking for her anxiously.

"Well, you did learn how, didn't you?" exclaimed Mother, with astonishment.

"Surely I did," said Aunt Maude without a guilty look. "It's just as easy as the agent said."

MURRAY HUTCHINSON, 7B.

The Surprise Show

Once we decided to give a surprise show. The admission was to be one potato, or, if this wasn't to be had, any sort of fruit. The show was to be held in my back yard because the theatre could be constructed under a grape vine

which shaded us and which kept those who were "peeking in" from seeing the show. The stage was constructed by placing long boxes four feet apart and nailing planks on them. These planks bent alarmingly when walked upon, but we decided that they would last. There were to be three acts, and we all practiced very hard for the coming event.

At last the day came. A capacity crowd of seventeen arrived to see the show. A total of eight potatoes, five apples, two bananas and two oranges was collected. The first act featured Sam and Ham and their colored minstrel show de luxe. Sam and Ham walked away with the honors because their colored minstrel show de luxe, which was a cat, refused to act.

The Great American Philharmonic Orchestra was next. He played several spirited tunes on his harmonica, and then, amid much clapping and cheering, marched off the stage. The last act was the Premier World's Heavy-weight prize fight, featuring Jack Dempsey versus Louis Firpo. These two were boxing furiously and with spirit, when a board (which had been purposely broken) fell in. The unfortunate Mr. Firpo got his foot caught in the hole, and before he could get out, the referee, who was I, had awarded the world's title to Jack Dempsey. The show was ended.

—PAUL SILBERMAN, 9B.

THE BROOK

You merry, rippling little brook,

Oh, what you seem to say,
Does tend to make me happier
Through all the livelong day.

At sparkling morn, when I awake,

I hear you bubbling so,
That if the world were made of brooks
I'd hear your voice, I know.

At hot and dusty noontide

You always seem to say,
"Ah, cooler I help make the earth
As I flow on my way."

But in the drowsy evening,

Your beauty brighter gleams;
Amid the darkening shadows
Your voice a fairy seems.

Singing charming melodies

To the soft and silver moon,
All through the night your voice, I know,
Must keep that fairy tune.

Ah, happy little brooklet,

You small to some may seem;
Yet your mission—that of happiness—
Is quite worth while, I deem.

—Martha Jane Fields, 8B.

A Day in 1998

It was on a chilly morning in the year 1998 when I came out of Slumberland, being quite sick. A slight push upon a button beneath my pillow, brought my hecto-telegraphy set before me. A few turns on a small dial brought me in contact with my physician in Paris, and I informed him of my sad condition. Upon his request, I adjusted my wrist to the mouthpiece so he could time my pulse. I then adjusted my face to the television part of the apparatus so he could observe the color of my face and tongue. After a careful examination, my doctor came to the conclusion that I needed some cold food in order to relieve my high temperature.

I pressed another button, which caused an opening in the floor, revealing a swimming pool. A pair of sliding rollers carried me into the refreshing water. Five minutes later I found myself amid revolving towels, my clothes coming toward me on a revolving wire. My table was automatically set, and I proceeded to eat my breakfast. It consisted of boiled pomadoes, toast, apploranges, sauer-kraut fresh from Germany, and a cup of "aich tu ow".

I then moved to the window sill, where my monoplane was parked. As the earth was getting extremely crowded, I was obliged to take the air from my apartment which was on the forty-second story. I pulled the latch and was soon among the clouds, going only about two hundred and fifty miles an hour. An air-traffic officer came along and gave me a ticket for blocking traffic by going so slowly. I then drove to an air station on the roof of a sky-scraper, filling up with "Pyrene Tetrachlorde".

Twenty minutes later I came within sight of the North Pole and was soon eating a delicious Eskimo pie, according to my doctor's orders. I then flew back home in order to be in time for dinner. After dinner I tuned in on the latest news, some of which was:

"Thirty-six pedestrians of the air (birds) were killed by air-machines."—"The erection of all buildings under sixty stories is prohibited."

After listening to this news I decided to visit the museum. Having left my apartment, I discovered the weather to be chilly and rainy. Immediately I went to some of the neighbors and managed to get them to sign a petition urging the change of the weather. With this petition I went to the Weather Bureau, which controlled the weather in our neighborhood. My request was granted, and soon the huge machines began to revolve until the weather

cleared. I had not visited the museum for quite a time and was glad of this opportunity. One of the interesting objects of old was a circular silver contraption. This odd device was used by the ancients to tell time. Another peculiar object was a high-heeled shoe which had baffled scientists for years. It has recently been discovered that this was a shoe used to elevate women. One of the most interesting relics was a peculiar rectangular little object called a Ford. According to tradition, it was more in the air than on the ground. What I gazed most upon, however, was a queer monster the ancients called a horse, used once to haul loads.

After observing all these interesting relics, I returned to my apartment, where a letter awaited me from the President. Reading it I found that he appointed me ambassador to Mars. I dictated my acceptance to my stenographer, a small apparatus typing as I dictated. I packed immediately and prepared for the trip. I then entered my sky-dromobile, which carried me high into the clouds. Just then my motor failed and I strapped a pair of wings to myself, jumping out of the machine. Much to my grief, these also failed, and I fell head first down—down—down—down!

Just as my head hit the hard pavement, I awoke and fell out of—bed. It was only 1927!

MAX BAER, 9A.

Break o' Day

The sky is cloudy, dark, and gray,
And o'er the hills no hint of day,
No rosy hue of morning light,
Making all the heavens bright,
Can be seen. Now overhead,
The sun's not on his pathway sped.
Naught can you hear, and naught can tell;
But suddenly the old church bell
Rings out and the gray curtain parts.
Cheering sad and lowly hearts.
And now the play—it has begun,
Now comes the gold burnished sun,
Gleaming as it rises there,
Hanging golden in mid-air.
And with it, it doth bring
The songs of birds, Ah, how they sing
And chatter there right merrily,
While gleam the heav'n's majestically!
The waterfalls and streamlets roar
More heartily than e'er before.
All Nature's creatures are at play,
All are happy—'tis break o' day.

MARGARET McCOWAN, 8B.

Magic of the Great Machines

A sharp hiss of steam, a deep, throbbing sound, and the large monster begins moving its long iron arms. They move faster and faster as the cylinders explode with a dull boom, filling the spacious room with sounds not unlike those of far-off cannon, or the deep roar of the beating surf.

How irresistible, strong, powerful and majestic is your feeling as the great machine pounds its way onward, seemingly getting nowhere, but still accomplishing wonders. How small you feel compared with that strong, steel-wrought magic wonder! How puny, weak and incomparable do you feel as you see that large piston pushing, cramming thousands of pounds of energy into those whirring, ponderous wheels!

How mysterious are all those clocks, gauges and switches, the only keys or indexes to that ponderous thing's heart. The few simple devices that hold it from spending its powerful forces in creating disaster may break. How wonderful it is that a touch of this, a pull of that, and that raging giant is turned into a noiseless, motionless and—aside from its majestic beauty—a common thing! The wonder of wonders, the slaves of the age are these huge, magic machines! HOWARD SALZWEDEL, 9A.

A Cowboy

He was a lone horseman, wearing a huge, black sombrero, which hid his whole face from view. Covering his legs were chaps, and at the bottom of his legs you could see a high-heeled boot from which dangled a spur. When he walked, you could hear that unmistakable jingle of California spurs. He wore a wool shirt, and around his neck was a silk handkerchief which waved in the wind.

He was leading a cream-colored horse which showed the remarkable instinct of Arabian blood. On its back, was a large western saddle upon which the name "Lady" was carved. The worn butt of a Winchester rifle hung from his saddle holster.

—THELMA SANNER, 8A.

Original Conclusion to Hawthorne's "Ambitious Guest"

"The slide! The slide!"

The simplest words must intimate, but not portray, the unutterable horror of the catastrophe.

"To the cellar! To the cellar!" yelled the master of the house. Immediately all steps were turned toward the kitchen, and soon the little family group was huddled together in the tiny storm-cellar far below the ground.

Overhead the wind howled and shrieked; great boulders came crashing down the mountain side; trees were heard crashing on all sides. The roar of the dreaded slide shook the whole mountain side, and promised annihilation to everything in the dreadful course of the avalanche.

The little children, shaking with fear, clung to the skirts of their beloved mother. But the inn seemed in the hands of Providence through that long night, for not a window was shattered nor a scratch made on the worn, loved walls.

Dawn came, and the thunder of the great slide slowly ceased. The little group again mounted the narrow steps down which, not ten hours before, they had descended in terror, now entering the homey room again. But words cannot express the sight which met their eyes upon looking out of the windows. They knelt and thanked Him for their miraculous escape.

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It is now twenty-six years later. The President of the United States has just entered into his new position at the White House. He is none other than the courageous young stranger—the Ambitious Guest—he, who stopped at the humble inn that night. His bright and happy wife is the beautiful young lass whom he met there. His name now is known throughout all nations, not only for his high position, but for his noble character and his marvelous paintings. He is to become the idol of all nations and ages because of his courageous deeds and high ideals.

—ELEANOR ELLIOTT, 9B.



A Little Friend of Mine

One of the most interesting children I have known is a neighbor of ours. She is three years old and has blue eyes and light hair. She learned to talk when very young, and as her parents use good English, she uses it, too. She reminds one of an old lady because she uses such grown-up expressions. When she is telling a story, every little while she will say, "And presently".

She has an imaginary friend whom she calls Dorothy. When her mother is working, she tells her that Dorothy wants to come in; so her mother goes to the door and lets her in. Dorothy takes part in her work and play, and even goes to bed with her.

She also has a rag doll of whom she is very fond. When she goes to the store she takes this doll with her. Every time she goes there, she wants animal crackers. So when the clerk sees her, she says, "Here comes the little 'animal crackers' girl." Before she leaves the store she has her box. She is very generous and willing to share its contents with her friends.

It is a pleasure to have her visit us, and we always enjoy talking about her after she is gone.

—MILLARD PATTERSON, 8A.

Sports at the "Y"

The Y. M. C. A. sponsors many activities for boys of the junior high school age. Many of the students from the Central Junior High go there during lunch hour to eat and to play games.

Only those who are members can play games. There are checkers, ping-pong, bankum, billiards, ring o' let, darts, pool and other games that may be played for recreation during the noon hour.

The members pay ten cents an hour for pool. The charges for the other games are five cents. The members deposit five cents in case they break anything.

They have other sports, such as archery and rifle practice. Those who want to join archery pay fifty cents. The "Y" furnishes material for making the bows and six arrows. There they instruct you how to make your bow and arrows, and how to hit the marks.

Tuesday night is church night, and one church plays against another. In the summer time they play baseball, and in the winter, basketball.

More students ought to avail themselves of the opportunity for sports and recreation offered by the "Y". —ROBERT KNEPP, 7B.

Waste Basket Chatter

Here comes that gum-chewing 8B class. I suppose I'll be loaded with gum before the class is over. That gum! I wish it had never been manufactured. My sides are beginning to feel as though they had been made for it.

There now, the poor dears are having a test—not an easy one, either. The teacher says, "What, no paragraphs? You re-copy this." . . . I thought so. I'll be filled with paper by the time the day is over. But I'd rather be filled with paper than with gum.

That boy might watch where he's going. The idea! Stepping on my toes! The girl who just put her paper in my mouth certainly has manners. She didn't even touch me. However, I thought I'd had enough to eat for one day, but Johnny would empty that pencil sharpener in my mouth. The mixture of paper, gum and sawdust doesn't taste good, and I am sure I'll have a stomach-ache before morning.

The teacher is locking up now, so I suppose I'll have to sit here and tell my troubles to the clock.

—JEAN BENNETT, 8B.

The Convict Ship

One of the most interesting things I have ever seen is the Convict Ship. I saw it last summer when it lay anchored at Michigan City. This ship was built in 1790 at Moulmein in British India. This old Convict Ship is by many years the oldest ship afloat today and it is now the only remaining survivor of England's fleet of felon transports.

Among some of the interesting relics I recall are: The Branding Iron which is arrow-shaped and with which convicts were branded on the palms of the hands; leg-irons varying in weight from seven to fifty-six pounds; Punishment Ball, dragged by the prisoners up and down the deck for an hour each day; Cat-o'-Nine-Tails, made of strands of raw-hide, bound with brass wire and tipped with pellets of lead and used as whips; Compulsory Baths, where convicts who had been flogged were placed and their backs washed in salt water; the Iron Maiden, one of a very few specimens of these instruments of torture now in existence.

This boat is now owned by Captain I. H. Smith of our own state and is exhibited solely as an educational object lesson in prison reform.

—MARY LUXTON, 7A.

Niagara Falls

Niagara Falls is situated about twenty-two miles from Buffalo, N. Y. The Niagara river descends three hundred twenty-six feet from the level of Lake Erie to that of Lake Ontario.

At one point the water descends fifty-two feet in the midst of boiling torrents and eddies which turn the surface into white spray. A little way above the brink of the falls the river is separated by Goat Island. Here the stream is narrow and more shallow. One part descends one hundred fifty-five feet over the American Falls, while the other stream flows over the Canadian or Horseshoe Falls.

Since the Civil War the main falls have worn back three hundred thirty-five feet. Three miles below the falls the water rushes into the Whirlpool. Over it is swung a cable from which is suspended a small car that takes passengers across. There is a bridge to Goat Island, and the entire gorge is encircled with a scenic railway.

—BETTY CHADBOURNE, 7A.

My Uncle's Farm

Off a main highway, in Central New York state, about half a mile down a bumpy road, lies my uncle's farm. To the right is a large gray barn topped by a tower-like cupola, and the barn is flanked by a silo. To the left, wide-spreading elm trees rear their green heads.

Suddenly, from behind the trees we come upon the house, curiously gray like the barn. The house is a long rambling structure with many porches half hidden by the shade of the trees. Turning in at the gate, we see in the distance long stretches of green pastures and fields of yellow grain. Following the path around the house, we enter the cheery kitchen.

—MARY ASH, 7A.

APRIL

When skies are wet and drear,
And rain is falling hard,
And puddles grow to tiny lakes
In our back yard;

Then let us go adventuring
In some nice cozy nook,
Companioned, till skies shine clear,
By some good book.

—Grace Armantrout, 8A.

City Fire Department

All the children in South Bend should be proud of their fire department. For the size of the city they have one of the best in the United States. There are one hundred thirty-three firemen on the force, including the chief, Mr. Knoblock. These firemen run in shifts, one day and one night on and off. There are ten fire stations and fifteen fire trucks. Among the latter are ten pumpers, three hook-and-ladders, one high pressure and one chemical truck. There are four hundred thirteen fire alarm boxes stationed in different parts of the city, from which to turn in alarms. Of all the alarms turned in, two-thirds are telephone calls and one-third are fire-box calls.

—HARRY KOEHLER, 8B.

NATURE'S JEWELS

What are Nature's diamonds bright?
They are the stars of a clear, clear night.

What are Nature's pearls rare?
They are the shining dewdrops fair.

What is Nature's chain of gold?
'Tis made of daisies, I've been told.

What are Nature's rubies red?
They are the roses, it has been said.

What are Nature's emeralds green?
The verdant grass in springtime seen.

Are there jewels that will compare
With those of Nature's anywhere?

—Cecil Loy, 8B.

In the Country

In the country, in the evening,
When gentle breezes blow,
The birds begin to twitter,
And we hear the cattle low.

A perfume sweet arises
From the fields of new-mown hay,
And the heavy heads of clover
Seem to nod and bend at play.

A little brooklet murmurs
Beneath an old stone bridge,
And we hear a screech-owl calling
From a pine tree on the ridge.

—POLLY FRITZ, 7B.

The Afternoon Ride of Patricia Lee

Patricia Lee sighed heavily as she gazed around the large, well-furnished room. Indeed, it was hard to be left alone with an eighty-year-old grandmother when one was but sixteen. She gazed desolately out of the window at the birds chirping lightly, and spattering their wings in the marble bird bath. She noticed how radiantly beautiful the sun was, while the flowers nodded their dainty heads in silent approval.

Suddenly her eyes perceived an object which brought a sunny smile to the formerly pouting lips. With a sudden decision, she left the room. She ran up the stairs, two at a time, and finally reached the top, where she promptly ran down the hall to a large room at the end. Here she burst in like a young whirlwind, awakening an old lady whose head had begun to nod like a drooping dahlia.

"Come, Grandmother, get your wraps," Patricia commanded. "It's too nice a day to stay inside."

The flustered old lady obeyed meekly, wondering what was going to happen.

She was "shoed" down stairs and helped out to the drive. There, standing in it, was an impudent little Ford.

"It's brother's," Patricia explained, "but I'm going to drive it."

"Oh, pshaw, no!" the old lady exclaimed, her glasses falling off her nose in her excitement.

"Oh, it's all right. I never have driven a Ford, but I guess it's like every other car. Here, I'll help you in."

With many protests the old lady was ushered into the luxurious and spacious depths of a Ford coupe.

"H-m-m!" mused Patricia, "wonder what all the pedals are for?"

"I'm going to get out," announced the old lady uneasily.

"No! You stay right here—whoops! Here we go," and with a jerk they sped down the drive.

"My! where are the brakes?" Patricia exclaimed.

A sudden bump caused the old lady's foot to slip out and push one of the pedals. With a squeaking, grinding noise the car slowed down.

"Good for you, Grandma," said Pat. "How did you know those were the brakes?"

"Brakes!" repeated the old lady dazedly—"Oh, pshaw! Oh, my! Dear! Dear!"

"What's wrong? Good heavens!"

* * * *

The morning sun streamed through the window. Patricia opened one eye, the other being bandaged for some unknown reason. The eye gazed slowly around the room, showing surprise. Suddenly she sat up. With a groan she lay back on the pillows.

"O-o-h! I'm sore!"

"Beg pardon, Miss," began the maid.

"Grandmother!" Patricia screamed with a sudden thought. "It's all my fault; she's so old."

"Indeed, she is, Miss; but she's all right. Your brother is giving her lessons in running a Ford, right now."

"Oh!" said Patricia, and she sank back against the pillows. "Lessons," she repeated, chuckling to herself.

JANET BUDD, 9B.

How to Judge a Picture

Above all, I might say that the education of most of us who have been born in America has been neglected in respect to art. You will look at pictures and admire them. But have you the ability to judge a picture? No, very few of us have. But you will notice, when you are in an art gallery, that most of the famous paintings have been painted by French, Italian, or Dutch artists.

In looking at a picture the first question we should ask ourselves is regarding the material, or technical features of it. The two leading features of painting are form and color, and, as distinguished from the other fine arts, principally color.

It is my purpose to point out what I deem to be false and crude in art, as well as to indicate what is good. So, the first caution I may offer regarding color is: beware of bright pictures, for they are generally bad. Some of the greatest masterpieces, especially among the Venetians and the modern Spaniards, are highly keyed in color and brilliant in effect.

Color does not mean brightness alone. It does not mean that a colorist is one who deals in flaming colors. But he is one who justly regards the relationship, the qualities, harmony, shadow, half-tint or bright light.

Do not be led astray, then, by glare or glitter, or gaudy picture. Follow the same good judgment you perhaps display in daily life.

VIOLET GROSHANS, 9A.

Mother's New Shoes

"I hate to do it, but Mother simply must have her new shoes for Christmas." With this resolution in mind, little twelve-year-old Bobby Loring flew to the corner where he kept his cap and coat, followed by his dog, Pal, who could not have his young master out of his sight.

Bobby's mother had often planned to sell Pal, because he made an additional expense to the already-small income of Mrs. Loring, who had been the bread-winner of the family since the death of her husband, seven years before. But because of the great love between the boy and dog, she couldn't bear to bring unhappiness into her young son's life. Bobby had already suffered very greatly from poverty.

Bobby soon had his wraps on. He ran to the window and looked down upon the deserted street. When he had made certain that his mother was not coming, he ran to the cupboard and from the contents of a cracked cup drew a short, stubby pencil. He picked up a piece of cardboard from the floor and hastily he wrote:

FOR SALE

Pal seemed to sense that his master was planning to sell him, for the dog lay at his feet, silently looking at him with a hurt and innocent look in his eyes.

Half an hour later Bobby and Pal were situated on a corner of the busiest section of town. The boy stood with his arms around the dog. Many people gave them a second glance and passed on. It was rapidly getting colder and the snow was falling faster. Bobby still stayed, his little body almost numb from the cold. Fewer people passed, and Bobby knew that night was not far off. He started to go home three or four times, but the thought of his mother without her new shoes kept him there.

A white-haired gentleman looked at Bobby, then looked again as though he could not believe his eyes.

"What is your name, my lad?" he asked in a kind voice.

"Oh, sir," Bobby cried, "will you buy my dog? My name is Bobby Loring."

"How much do you ask for him?" asked the gentleman with a catch in his voice, for Bobby had reminded him of someone very near and dear to him.

"Do you think ten dollars is too much? And please, sir, treat him nice, for next to my mother, he is the best friend I have."

"I'll give you fifty dollars if you take me to your mother," said the old gentleman.

"Why, sir, I'll take you to her without you paying me," said Bobby.

The boy was surprised at the old man's last remark, and showed it in his voice. "Shall we go now?" he asked.

The old man nodded his head in assent. They soon reached the shabby tenement building where the Lorings were forced to live. Bobby ran up the stairs followed by Pal and the stranger.

"Mother," he cried, "this man wishes to see you."

"Who, dear?" asked his mother. But just then she caught sight of the stranger and recognized him. "Father, you forgive me," she cried, as she ran into the outstretched arms of the man.

"Yes, daughter, but I must ask you to forgive me."

The boy looked on this scene very mystified. His mother had never seemed so happy. Bobby and Pal never forgot that Christmas, for Bobby's mother was restored to her former position as the highly honored daughter of Judge Marshall, which she had forfeited by marrying a common laborer. But the thing that made Bobby the happiest was his mother's new shoes.

"Dear old Pal, mother got her new shoes, but I still have you. There never was a happier boy than I am." CARRIE HINSON, 9B.

Three Thoughts

Amid the pillars of the court, where the evening lights were lingering, where the waters of the fountain dripped quietly into the depths of a purple pool, there the rosy swan pierced the stillness with his cries.

It was a lavender garden, sweet with violets, fragrant with lilacs and nestling mignonette. The laughing holly-hocks purpled the evening shadows. A twisting brook rippled over a dam of cool stones. A bird twittered softly.

A wind-blown sail on a frothy foam,
A sky of heavenly blue,
And a sea-gull circling overhead
Over sand of a dull gold hue.

—LUCILLE SCHUELL, 9B.

The Seller of Dreams

(Another of Puck's Mischievous Pranks)

PART 1

"Dreadful! Absolutely dreadful! Don't come in here again unless you have something good. I'm too busy for all this stuff." The busy editor turned back to his work after handing a manuscript of poems to a very discouraged young man. The young man took them ruefully, and pulling his nearly threadbare coat about him, shambled into the streets. Coming to a dingy building, he climbed the stairs and opened the door into a bare little room. There was no food, nothing! His last supply of poetry had been refused, and sitting down on the small cot, he let his mind fill with bitter thoughts. He blamed the editors; he blamed the tenements where he was raised; he blamed all things. At last, growing weary, his thoughts ceased, and he fell asleep, bitter and starving.

PART 2.

"Dreams to sell! Dreams to sell! The price of one night's sleep!" So softly called the Seller of Dreams as he flew from one house to another with his bag of dreams. The dreams were like balloons, huge and differently colored. There were red dreams of ambition, yellow ones of wealth, and ugly purple nightmares. Then there were others that contained the precious dust; but the Seller of Dreams distributed all dreams wisely and carefully, suiting each to the person's tastes.

One, a small fairy dressed in green, with a white plume in his hat, sat on a toadstool, whistling merrily. He was thinking how much fun it would be to deliver the dreams. This small fairy was Puck, sometimes called Robin Goodfellow, a most mischievous fairy. This particular evening, in early twilight, he slipped away with the bag of dreams over his shoulder before it was time for the Seller of Dreams to start out.

Oh, what a mixed-up night it was! Every one got the wrong dream. But worse trouble was to come. When Puck came to the poor room of the poet, he reached deep down in the bag and took out a small rainbow dream filled with the wonderful golden dust. It was the dream of Fairyland.

In the meantime Queen Titania and King Oberon were much upset. In fact, all Fairyland was upside down. Puck had disappeared with the bag of dreams, and goodness knows what would happen! Fairies flew out and found

that the dreams had been delivered, but no Puck could they find. Worse still, the bag of dreams came floating back to Fairyland of its own accord. But Puck would not come. What should they do?

There was a shrill whistle and Puck came into view, sitting on the hand of the poet who was laughing merrily. When he saw the fairies, he stopped short, but his sense of humor made him laugh again. The king's crown was awry—toadstools and flowers were upturned. Everything looked so different from his beautiful dream.

"May I write a poem about these strange happenings?" he asked everybody in general.

"No!" said the king.

"Yes!" said the queen.

"But, my dear," said the king, "no mortal is allowed to report the doings in Fairyland, and—"

"But, my dear," interrupted the queen, "he has brought back Puck, whom I love, even though he is naughty."

"All right," said the king wearily, surrendering as usual to the queen.

PART 3.

"Now, this is something like it," said the editor. "It'll just do for the Children's Page."

The young man's face fell.

"But don't you worry," continued the editor. "Your fortune's made, my man. We'll take all the poems like these you've got."

The young man's smile was cheerful as he again went out into the street. "I guess I'll change my residence," he thought humorously, "thanks to that little green fairy they call Puck."

BETTY BRUGGER, 9A.

The Wreck

A crashing sound rang through the crisp winter air. A heavy stillness followed. My eyes spanned the horizon. Nothing! The monotony of the deep hush that prevailed was like a javelin piercing my consciousness. Fear crept into my heart, not for myself, but for the danger that might be. My eyes closed, only to find myself imagining dead bodies scattered upon the ground, with pools of blood beside them. Was this dream of blood the red flag of warning against danger? My eyes opened, and through the corners of them I could see a dull red, resembling the flow of fire. I turned about.

In my fear I had forgotten a gale that was blowing, and, in turning violently toward the

light, I received the full force of this wind. Determined not to let this stop me, in full defiance of the elements, I plunged onward toward the light.

It was a long, hard walk through deep drifts of snow and against a ferocious, snarling wind biting like so many hungry wolves. Every now and then I would stop, take one short look ahead, and forge onward again. Once, having felt the wind slacken, I endeavored to examine the light. To my surprise and agitation, there was nothing to be seen. Alas! Had I wandered from my destination instead of approaching it?

I raised my eyes, and there in front of me was the cause of the worry. Outlined against the sky was a hill, the reason for the slackening of the wind. It was outlined in red, with a restless glow, sometimes bright and at other times dull.

In an instant I was over the hill, and it was no surprise to me to see a burning wreck of a train with ever-spreading flames. I stood in awe, but soon came to my senses with the sound of an approaching train pounding in my ears. My first thought was for the lives of the passengers of the oncoming train. I wrenched off a piece of burning wood from the wreck, and ran with all speed to the bend in the railroad.

Waving the burning timber high in the air I caught the eye of the engineer who, sensing danger, stopped the train. Needless to say, it was not long before all the injured were resting in a hospital down the road.

The next morning found a messenger at the door with a summons from the president of the road requesting an audience with me. I accepted. Two hours later I was in his office, with an offer of ten thousand dollars in front of me. I pinched myself to see if it was all a dream.

It was! And the pinch I received was enough to wake up the dead. It seems that my brother will never let anyone have a good sleep.

HYMAN GOLDMAN, 9A.

School Spirit

To succeed in school you must follow the rule that prevails in all walks of life—in business, in the professions, in the home. Co-operation with enthusiasm is the simple formula, which, if followed, will not allow failure. Put your whole self into your work, into your play. In doing so you will not only come out on top, but dear old Central will, too.

Success is not measured alone by the marks on your report card. Remember that ten years from now the big thing will be the knowledge that you possess. Do your very best, no matter whether your grades have a plus after them or not. Strive to acquire much general, useful information. And remember, we cannot all be stars. You who hover on the side lines have an important part to play as well. It is your job, as in athletics, to let the player-star know you are back of him. You play the game when you are loyally doing your best—doing it for yourself and for Central Junior High.

Further: co-operation develops school spirit. And through school spirit you acquire school friends. Each little thing you do for Central is thrice a blessing in the friends it will bring you. For these friends or comrades are not only friends for today, but friends to stand throughout your lives. They are giving to you the force of their personalities and characters. They are giving you untold gifts. Perhaps you, in turn, can give them the little seed of your friendship that, in later years, as well as at present, will bear delicious fruit. Apply here an appropriate quotation of Edward Hale's:

"The making of friends who are real friends is the best token we have of a man's success in life."

KATHLEEN MCINERNEY, 9A.

Quebec

A few years ago I drove with my father and mother to Quebec. We found it an interesting city, very picturesque and foreign looking. It is situated on high cliffs rising from the St. Lawrence river which forms a natural fortification, making it a city very hard to capture.

A visit to the old fort was great fun. We saw ancient cannon, the old barracks, and the military prison with its underground cells. The old town grew up along the river; therefore the streets are very narrow and winding. The modern city is built on the hills, the main street leading to the Chateau Frontenac, a great hotel, the center of the city's social life. It is built on the site of the palace occupied by the duke during the French occupation. It is in the style of a chateau, very large, towering high above the city. From the windows one looks down on boats on the St. Lawrence directly below. At night when the river and town are lighted and boats constantly come and go, it is very pretty. There is a great esplanade on the river front where the band plays every

evening, and the townspeople come up to enjoy the music and watch the crowds of tourists promenade. French is spoken everywhere. It is impossible to use autos in the city, except on the boulevards leading up to the Chateau. One can take an elevator down to the old town, or walk down flights and flights of steps. Here are old stone houses built two hundred years ago, with little shops tucked among them.

There are many beautiful drives out from Quebec. One, very well-known, is to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre.

ROBERTA WILSON, 7A.

The Moon Out of Reach

I paused in my walk. And is there one of you who would not have done so? For there above the bridge and laughing waters was the moon, a full, golden moon, just out of reach, it seemed. The faultless picture was divine. The gliding river was the foreground. A beautiful stream, lapping the banks in a melodious rhythm, sounded as if trying to sing some wakeful cloud, star, or moonbeam to sleep. The flickering darts of moonlight glittered on frolicking water as it flowed swiftly and noiselessly westward until it turned in a graceful line toward the south. As it curved, I noticed more its boundaries and banks. High, high, they rose till it seemed as if they were vainly reaching for the magnetic moon. On their crests numerous pines and maples were whispering softly, while their bright foliage danced and quivered in the refreshing breeze. Some trees near the river leaned haughtily over the water, trying to see their graceful reflections in the liquid mirror, as if they were jealous of the even more graceful moonbeams that ran and darted along the shores.

Ah! This was but the earthly and minor part of the picture; for above the rippling water were the heavens displaying all the glory they could exhibit before man. And the moon! That gorgeous body that gave light to the entire scene was full and ripe—round as it could be, and of a color never mixed in earthly paint, between a gold and a brilliant orange. It seemed to be the attraction of not only human beings but of heavenly bodies, also; for clustered around in uneven spacing were modest little stars, shyly peeping around a blanket of clouds, as if to see what monstrous thing had come to light up the heavens in the golden way, so that they could not be seen in their faded garb. But one giant star, who was prob-

ably a son of the moon, and had inherited a portion of her brightness, hopped out from behind a silver-lined cloud and shone with all its brightness, now and then winking and blinking naughtily, as if, perchance, it were flirting with some smaller star who was blushing painfully behind a cloud. So it was that the moon revealed that night a picture never to be forgotten. Perhaps if you would stand on Leeper bridge some night under a full moon, you might chance to see a similar picture; but never will anyone again see the moon quite so bright, for about midnight it became so vain and conceited that a bit of gold dust and fairy light burst from it and fell into space. And no matter how long you may reach out your arms pleadingly toward it, the moon declines to leave its home. So you see, dear friends, the moon is out of reach.

MADELYN SMITH, 8B.

St. Augustine, Florida

St. Augustine is a quaint city in the heart of the sub-tropical region of the United States. The streets are old, and most of them are very narrow. The buildings are made from a queer rock, which itself is made up of countless tiny shells. This strange rock is called Coquina. Old Fort Marion, the city's gates and wall, and the great sea wall are very striking because the white or gray rock of which they are built is so distinct among the brilliant colors of the tropical flowers.

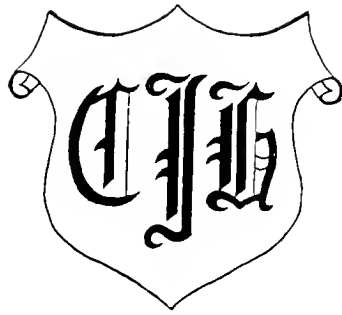
When walking down St. George street, we pass the city buildings and come to the end of the street at the city gates. For a moment we might fancy we were in one of the old cities of Europe, so many of which have walls and gates. All that remain of these gates, however, are the two stately pillars, twenty feet high, and a few pieces of the wall beyond.

The Fountain of Youth, supposed to have been discovered by Ponce de Leon, is a great curiosity of St. Augustine. It has one peculiarity distinguishing it from other wells, in that the water rises and falls without any apparent reason or cause.

The old Slave Market in the east end of the Plaza is an interesting landmark of antebellum days. It was used as a public market in which slaves were occasionally sold.

The famous Secret Dungeon of Fort Marion was accidentally discovered by Lieutenant Tuttle in 1833. The entrance had been walled up so carefully as to almost baffle discovery.

—ROBERTA WILSON, 7A.



Book iii. Humor

AT RANDOM 1927



BETTY & PEGGY



A HAPPY TRIO



COUSINATES



BOOKS



THE LITTLE CRACKER GIRL



DILIGENCE



PAIR



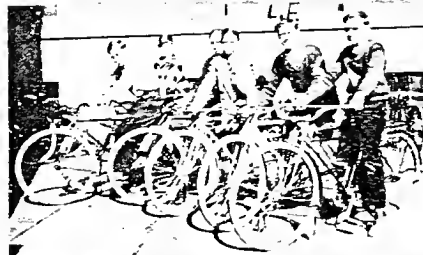
BIG FIVE



SUNSHINE



OH MY



CYCLING SEXTETTE



PEPPERS



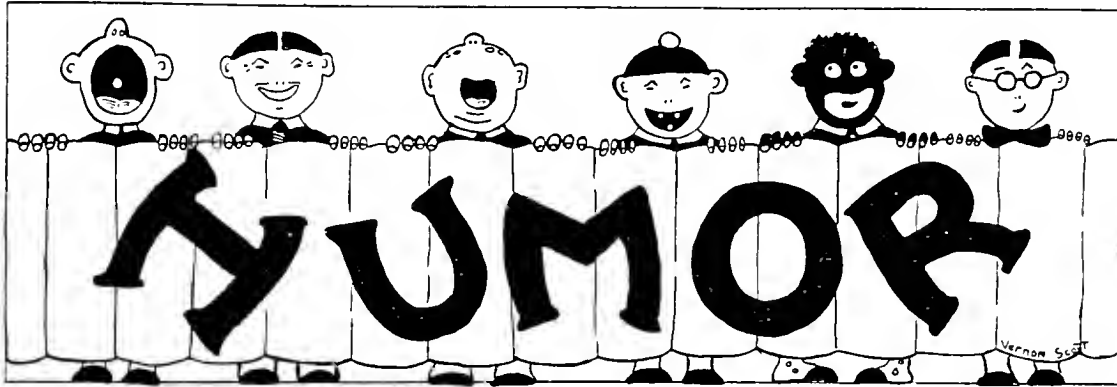
OWLES



PICKNICKING



ALL RIGHT



For Sale

One Ford car with a piston ring,
Two rear wheels and one front spring,
Has no fender, seat, nor plank;
Burns a lot of gas, and hard to crank,
Carburetor busted half way through;
Engine missing, hits on two;
Three years old, be four in the spring,
Has shock absorbers and everything.
Radiator busted, sure does leak;
Differential dry—you can hear it squeak.
Ten spokes missing, front all bent:
Tires all blown out, not worth a cent.
Has lots of speed, runs like the deuce;
Burns either gas or petroleum juice.
Tires all off, runs on the rim,
But it's a dandy Ford for
The shape it's in.

* * *

Guess Who Says

"Gang-way!"
"Where is your admit?"
"You had better cultivate manners first."
"Get my smelling salts."
"Get busy, girls!"
"Hurry, the grass is growing under your feet."
"Get into your class-room right away."
"Snap out of it."
"Report at 3:20."
"Keep the rouge and lip-stick off your face."
"Anything I can do to help you?"
"What seems to be the trouble with you this morning?"
"Don't tear papers."
"Stand in the middle for a golden fiddle."
"Now drop your penny in the waste basket."
"Untie the knot you put in the cord."
"Keep away from the windows."
"Please close the windows."

EXAMS

Examinations! All we hear,
Around about this time of the year
And when the teachers say that word,
Moans and groans are all that's heard,
But when the day for them comes around,
Quite a different aspect's found,
For while some scholars work away,
Others claim it doesn't pay.
Then when the teachers give the test,
Those who studied do their best,
While many others sit and look
To find an answer they can hook.
Some of the students usually chew
Their pencils, or they try to do
A bluff, which rarely ever pays,
To spend their time in such fool ways.
And let me tell you here and now,
The way to pass your test is how
The students who get A+ do,
By honest study and review.

* * *

Epitaph:

Bill thought his gas was getting low;
He struck a match, the tank let go.
Bill sailed three miles up in the air;
Three miles on a pint is pretty fair.

* * *

She was in Alaska looking over a fox farm.
After admiring a beautiful silver specimen, she
asked her guide, "Just how many times can the
fox be skinned for his fur?"

"Three times, madam," said the guide
gravely. "Any more than that would spoil his
temper."

* * *

Last night as I lay thinking
Of the pleasant days of yore,
I heard a swishing, swashing
Outside my bedroom door:
A clicking in the hallway,
A scuffling on the floor.
'Twas my sister in galoshes—
Only that and nothing more.



OUTDOORS



WAITING



YOUNG BOY



ON THE WAY



MADELYN



SNAPPED



WATCH OUT!



NOT NOW



THE MISSING ROCK



PLEASANT & HELPFUL



MR. & MRS. P.D.P.



SEVELYN



HIS LEADER



SPEED UP



A FOUR SOME



CLASSMATES



ELEVATED



MINIMIS



STUDY



CONCENTRATED



V.S. CHUMS BUD FRAZIN

Spring Fever

Oh, I'm tired of books—school books, I mean.
If my lesson I missed, I think the snow'd turn
green.

And oh, those cranky teachers! They're just
too much for me.

Why we have to study, is something I can't see.

"Study, children, study," is what the teachers
say,

"Don't look up from your books again, or I will
come your way."

They just get on my nerves at times, the same
way with my buddy.

Some day I'll throw my books at them, then
I'll never have to study.

"If you don't get down to work, Mr. Pointer
you will see."

Oh gee, when I hear that, it's most too much
for me,

So I guess I'll have to study more, although
I don't see why.

I know I'll never like these books, no matter
how I try.

* * *

Everybody Worked But Willie

Teacher: "Willie, did your father write this
essay?"

"No, ma'am. He started it, but mother had
to do it all over again."

* * *

"Why, Dad, this is roast beef!" exclaimed
Willie at dinner one evening, when a guest was
present.

"Of course," said his father. "What of it?"

"Why, you told mother you were bringing an
old muttonhead home for dinner this evening!"

* * *

Mr. Fulwider: "Name a good conductor of
electricity."

John: "Why—er—."

Mr. Fulwider: "Correct!"

* * *

Jack: "I'd hate to be a fish."

Bill: "Why?"

Jack: "'Cause then I'd have to live in
schools all my life."

* * * *

"What is your son going to be when he gets
through college?"

"An old man, I'm afraid."

* * * *

"Why are you late today, young man?"

"Because the bell rang before I got here."

RULES FOR CLASS ROOM ETIQUETTE

1. Students are expected to prepare at least
one recitation a week.

2. When called upon to recite, talk very
quietly—the fellows in the back seats want to
sleep even though you don't.

3. It is not considered good form to call upon
the principal more than once a month, unless
one is strongly advised to do so by a teacher.

4. Pupils are not supposed to fill more than
two vacant desks with waste paper at a time.

5. In throwing paper wads and erasers across
the room, do not hit the wrong person first, hit
him the next time.

6. If a pupil wishes to talk to another, it is
advisable to go to that person's desk when the
period starts and remain until it is over, so that
the pupils will not be disturbed by walking
back and forth.

* * *

"Choose pianos for your models,

Follow on their lines, with care,

For their attitude is always

Either upright, grand, or square."

* * *

"You seem to have trouble with your lessons
at school, Tommy," said his father. "What is
it seems to be in your way most?"

"The teacher, Father," answered Tommy.

* * *

Elsie to Lois: "I have went. That's wrong,
isn't it?"

Lois: "Yes, it is."

Elsie: "Just why is it wrong?"

Lois: "Because you ain't went yet."

* * *

To a darning needle once exclaimed the kitchen
sieve:

"You've a hole right through your body and I
wonder how you live."

But the needle (who was sharp) replied, "I,
too, have wondered

That you notice my one hole when in you there
are a hundred!"

* * *

Miss Byerley: "What is bigamy?"

Bright Pupil (waving hand frantically):
"It's when a fellow thinks he is bigger than
anyone else."

* * *

Senior: "How do you like my room as a
whole?"

Freshie: "As a hole, it's fine; as a room,
not so good."

And the Band Played On

Chester: "Who on earth is that homely girl Jack's dancing with?"

Jim: "That's my sister."

Chester: "She sure can dance."

* * *

Donald McGregor: "May I pull down the shade? The sun is shining on me."

Mr. Smith: "No, leave it as it is. The sun is conducive to the ripening of green things."

* * *

"We're off Key," said Miss Ralston, as she tore up a copy of "The Star Spangled Banner."

* * *

William M. (in History class): "That was an awful long lesson you gave us."

Miss Miller: "I assigned only seven pages."

William M.: "Yes, but there were no pictures."

* * *

Teacher: "How many days are there in a month?"

Tommy: "Thirty days has September.

All the rest I can't remember.

The calendar hangs upon the wall,

So why bother me with it all."

* * *

During the fourth hour, when Miss Pfafman was explaining our algebra problems for the next day, the door was hurriedly pushed open. A girl entered, whispered something to the teacher, then left the room. Miss Pfafman smiled and, turning to the class, said, "That's the best I've heard in a long time. That girl wanted to know if this is the sixth hour."

* * *

Miss Cannon: "Thayer!"

Thayer (looking puzzled): "What?"

Miss Cannon: "You know what I mean."

So Thayer walked over to the waste basket and put in his gum.

Miss Cannon: "You must have had a guilty conscience. I didn't know you had gum. I meant for you to stop tapping your desk with your pencil."

* * *

A poor work slip bore the remark, "A good worker, but talks too much." When the father signed the slip, he wrote in addition, "You should hear his mother."

* * *

Miss Cannon: "What two methods have we for computing time?"

Edna Roberts: "Counting the actual number of days and compound extraction."

Vivian: "What do you do when it rains?"

Geneva: "Put up my umbrella, if I have one. What do you do?"

Vivian: "Let it rain."

* * *

COLGATE & Co.

Dear Sir:—Have just bought a tube of your shaving cream. Directions say: "No mug used." What do you expect me to shave?

Yours truly,

A. R. Kinsey.

* * *

Mary Grace Kiplinger: "I think I'll sue that English teacher for libel."

Katherine: "Why?"

Mary Grace: "She wrote on my English paper, 'Your antecedents are bad, and your relatives are very poor.'"

* * *

Ethics Professor: "Good morning, gentlemen. I shall lecture today on the subject of 'Liars'. How many of you have read the twenty-fifth chapter of the text book?" Almost the entire class raised their hands.

Professor: "Good! You are the very group I am looking for, and I am glad to talk to you, for there is no twenty-fifth chapter in this text."

* * *

I DON'T KNOW

Of all the words used every day,
That students read or think or say,
These words are used the most, oh woe,
For these words are, "Oh, I don't know."

Whatever little lad or lass,
Is asked a question in the class,
His mind turns out to be his foe,
For his reply is, "I don't know."

Perhaps it is to parse a noun,
Or translate sentences, row by row,
But still the same old answer is,
"Am sorry, teacher. I don't know."

Or how to do the problems,
They may be asked to show,
The answer never changes,
They tell you, "I don't know."

Or how to bake a cake or pie,
Or what are barley, oats, and rye,
Or how, this kind of stitch to sew,
Their answer still is "I don't know."

And if you don't believe me,
Or think this thing is so,
Then you had better try it,
For really, "I don't know."

Roy: "Is George Washington as honest as they say he is?"

Cleetus: "Why, of course."

Roy: "Then why do they close the banks on his birthday?"

* * *

A boy who was absent from school brought a note saying that he had been absent because of a sore throat. The nurse, after examining him, asked what he had been doing all day yesterday. His reply was: "I was washing my neck."

* * * *

A teacher usually kept a slip of paper on her desk on which she recorded the names of the boys and girls who were to stay after school.

William Cohen was sent to the room to get this slip and said, "May I have the daily staying slip?"

* * * *

Lesson in Ornithology

Customer: "Waiter, a little bird told me this coffee was not strained."

Waiter: "A little bird, sir?"

Customer: "Yes, a swallow."

* * * *

A Personal Application

Teacher: "We borrowed our numerals from the Arabs, our calendar from the Romans, and our banking from the Italians. Can anyone think of any other examples?"

Willie Willis: "Our lawn mower from the Smith's, our snow shovel from the Joneses, and our baby carriage from the Bumps."

* * * *

Edwin A.: "Why do they call that stout, stout policeman on that corner 'John'?"

Clarence J.: "I don't know."

Edwin A.: "Why that's his name."

* * *

Miss Rooney talking to class:

"If Studebakers would throw away all the tin from their cars—"

Charles, interrupting: "Say, they don't make Fords there."

* * *

Miss McInerny: "Jack, name five kinds of pronouns."

Jack: "Washington, Taft, Lincoln, Coolidge, Harding."

(Miss McInerny gave him zero on this because there wasn't one Democrat among them.)

Sounds Like It

Sunday School Teacher: "Can any of you tell me what an epistle is?"

Scholar: "I can. An epistle is the wife of an apostle."

* * * *

Thomas Scheid is a promising student—always promising to do better.

* * *

Alek: "Is that Noah's ark full?"

Conductor: "All here but the monkey—jump in."

* * *

Miss McInerny in English class:

"Give me a sentence containing the word 'anthracite'."

Harold K.: "We had a big party last week and you should have heard my aunt recite."

* * *

"What can I do to avoid falling hair?"

"You might try to jump out of the way."

* * *

KANNST DU BEGREIFEN—

Johann Hodosy soll nicht Fragen stellen.

Abraham soll nicht etwas dagegen sagen.

Johann Quimby soll nicht spat in die Schule kommen.

Stanley soll nicht fragen, was "wie geht's" bedeutet.

Eugene McCormick soll nicht lachen uber jede Antwort die die Schuler geben.

Hershell soll die Aufgabe auswendig nicht wissen.

Eugene Barnard mit seinem kleinen blauen Buche.

Elizabeth und Winifred sollen nicht spat von Gymnasium kommen.

J. W. Currey soll nicht das Charleston tanzen in den funf Minuten bevor wir beginnen zu lernen.

Jack soll nicht sagen dass die deutsche Sprache schwer zu lernen ist.

Leo Plotkim soll nicht von seinem Pulte aufspringen, wenn er eine Frage antwortet.

August soll nicht seinen Kopf ausserhalb des Fensters halten.

Michael soll nicht alle seine Bucher nach Hause nehmen.

Maxine Helm soll nicht von Musik reden.

Roland soll die Klasse mit seinen Geschichten nicht lachen machen.

Kasimir soll sich unter sein Pult nicht stecken wenn der Lehrer Fragen stellt.

—ABRAHAM COHEN.

"SMILING THROUGH"



NURSERY RHYMES UP-TO-DATE

A. R. K. was a jolly man's name,
And a jolly big man was he.
He called for his drill and he called for his plane,
And he called for his chisels three.

Hey, diddle, diddle, Meyer and his fiddle,
Carl with his big trombone.
We all had the thrill of hearing them till,
They tired and left us alone.

Sing a song of roller-skates,
P. D. P. has some.
Haven't seen him wear them yet,
But when we do, we'll run.

Miss Me has some smelling salts.-
Its effect is apt to cure
All mistakes in grammar.
Yes, you betcha—sure!

William Molnar is so tall,
He can reach the ceiling.
We should hate to see him fall,
He'd be so full of feeling.

Max and Bob and Robert,
These are folks of fame.
Kathleen, Joe, and Henry,
Just what's in a name?

Then there's Fred and Betty,
These two never fail
To help them to be ready,
With lots of fire and hail.

T. C. Crook—he had a cane;
He needed it for walking.
But sometimes it fell like rain,
If he found us talking.

A new ring has our Miss Sleezer,
And spurns all our efforts to tease her.
He lives in Ohio, a town named Kent,
'Tis there they'll live and maybe pay rent.

* * * *

HEARD IN MRS. BUECHNER'S HISTORY CLASS

"There were more than two million doughnut
boys in France."

"Then the armstick was signed."

"They left Ireland because of the potato
strike."

* * * *

Miss Hamilton: "Name a department of
which a commissioner is the head."

John: "The department of savages and
property."

* * * *

Father: "Goodness, what's the matter? The
house is filled with smoke."

Mother: "I just heard Willie say he had
Pittsburgh on the radio."

Driver (after accident): "Are you hurt,
sonny?"

Butcher Boy: "No, but I can't find my
liver."

* * * *

Shopper: "I should like to see a dress to put
on around the house."

New Clerk: "How large is your house,
Madam?"

* * * *

OUR CLASS

Ever so jolly, pleasant and gay,
We in Miss Ellis' room were always that way.
We'd study so hard, our lessons to get,
The smartest little group, you ever have met.

Monday and Thursday, our laboratory days,
We learned to can fruits and make souffles.
Next came table setting and we thought we
knew,

But between you and me, there's nought like a
review.

Interior Decorating was soon to appear,
But it wasn't so puzzling and we had nothing
to fear.

Then came the test, a final one, too,
That our teacher might know just what we
could do.

* * * *

John is so dumb he thinks councilmen-at-large
are escaped convicts.

* * * *

M stands for Math taught by Miss Kinerk,
A stands for the agony after the jerk.
T stands for the terror, and
H stands for "heck" that follows the error.

* * * *

Mathematics in the air,
Stocks and bonds most everywhere.
With promissory notes about,
It seems sometimes you just must shout.

* * * *

CHICAGO TRAFFIC JAM

Motor Cop (to professor of mathematics):
"So you saw the accident, sir. What was the
number of the car that knocked this man
down?"

Prof.: "I'm afraid I've forgotten it. But I
remember noticing that if it were multiplied by
fifty, the cube root of the product would be
equal to the sum of the digits reversed."

* * * *

Science Teacher: "What is ice?"

Harold: "Water that has gotten hard through
cold treatment."

VACATION



SOME CATCH



SPEED UP



GO!



HELEN



LONESOME



CLARA



SISTERS



A BATTLE



GERTRUDE



Z. FRANK GET IT



JUNE



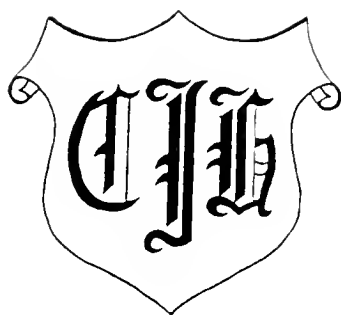
SUMMER



YUM-YUM



WINTER



Book iv. Advertisements

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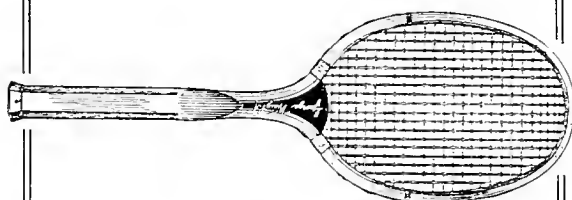
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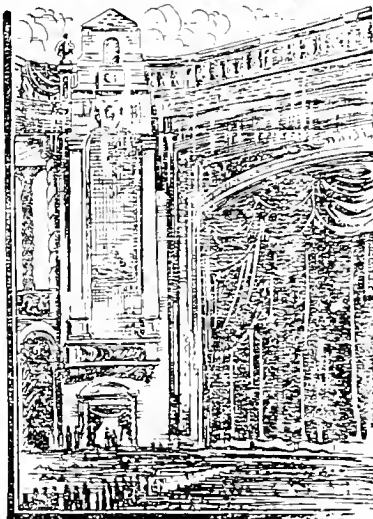
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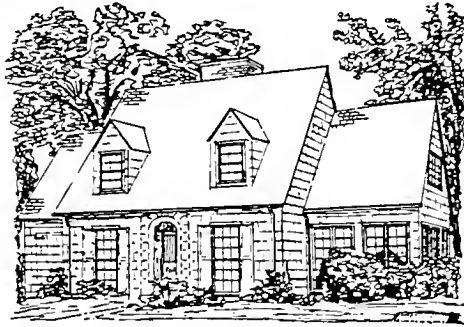
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